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LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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AND

REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

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EMBELLISHMENTS.

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PORTRAIT OF THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP DUBOIS.

PORTRAIT OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. HUGHES.

THE NEW CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL CINCINNATI.

ORIGINAL MUSIC.—Hymns of the Roman Breviary, 14 pages.

THE

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No. 1.

HISTORICAL PHENOMENA OF THE TENTH CENTURY.*

THE Tenth age of the Christian era has been styled, by not a few popular writers, the age of ignorance and barbarism—the age of iron; at least when there is question of Western Europe. Is this reproach justly merited? This question we purpose to examine in the following article.

One of the phenomena of the age of Louis XIV., was that Madame de Sévigné could read Saint Augustine in his original tongue; and that mother Angeline Arnauld could understand her breviary: the historians of port royal saw in this the marvel of their learned confraternity, and even of their age. If then, the age of iron, the age of ignorance and barbarism presents, in the midst of its pretended darkness, a similar wonder, a wonder still more surprising, what will we say? If this wonder is to be found not merely in the capital city, but in the depths of a barbarous province, what can we say?

But this wonder of the Tenth century, more astonishing than that of Madame de Sévigné, or mother Angeline, is the simple nun of the con-

vent of Gandersheim, in Hanover. She was born towards the year 940, and was named *Roswith*. Without quitting her pious retreat, she made herself mistress of Latin, Greek, the philosophy of Aristotle, music, and the seven liberal arts. Her preceptors were two other nuns of the same convent. What is still more admirable is, that she composed a great number of Latin poems, which begin to awaken the astonishment of the nineteenth century—and rank the nun of Gandersheim among the lights not only of Germany, but likewise of Europe. She wrote in verse the *panegyric*, or *reign of the three Othos*, who obtained the imperial dignity in the West after the extinction of the direct race of Charlemagne: and also more than *eight poems* on different Saints. She composed, besides, six or seven comedies in prose, in imitation of Terence, as she herself informs us. To honor and recommend chastity was the end which she had in view. “I desired,” she tells us in the preface, “to substitute edifying histories of pure virgins for the scandals of pagan women. I endeavoured to the best of my limited ability, to celebrate the victories of chastity, particularly those which were achieved by the weakness of

* Translated from the *Université Catholique*, expressly for the *Expositor*.

women, and in which the brutality of men is confounded."

Among the dramas of Roswith, there are two founded on authentic histories, viz. : the *Solitary Saint Abraham*, who disguises himself as a soldier to bring back to virtue his niece, Mary, who had abandoned herself to vice; and *Saint Paphnucius*, who makes use of a like stratagem to convert the courtesan, Thais.

These dramas, written in good Latin by a German nun of the Tenth century, were acted by nuns, and listened to by nuns—consequently, that language must have been familiar to them: which has never been the case in any succeeding age, not excepting that of Louis XIV. Moreover, although some of these dramas treat of subjects and adventures of a delicate nature, the diction of the pious nun continues always as pure and chaste, as her intentions were candid and irreproachable. Two modern litterati, the famous Erasmus, in one of his colloquies, and an English poet, in a theatrical piece, have treated a subject resembling that of Abraham and Paphnucius: and it is admitted now, that, for delicacy of sentiment, refinement of language, religious inspiration, and moral elevation, the good nun of the Tenth century, has incontestably the advantage over both. Nor is this all. In her dramas, Roswith proves herself to be familiar with music, astronomy, and even Aristotelic philosophy: and we find from her, what is not expected, the apology of science. After a philosophical discourse on the art of music, the disciples of Paphnucius enquire: "whence have you derived the knowledge, the exposition of which we can follow without fatigue."

Paphnucius.—"It is a mere drop which I have found by chance, and without seeking after it, in passing along the abundant springs of science. I have treasured it, and participate it with you."

The Disciples.—"We return you thanks for your kindness. Yet that maxim of the Apostle terrifies us: God chooseth the foolish things of the world to confound the wise."

Paphnucius.—"The wise or foolish deserve to be confounded before the Lord, if they do evil."

The Disciples.—"Undoubtedly."

Paphnucius.—"All the knowledge which it is possible to have, is not that what offends God, but the unjust pride of him who knows."

The Disciples.—"That is true."

Paphnucius.—"And for what end can the arts and sciences be better employed, than for the praise of Him who has created all that we must know, and who furnishes us, at once, both the matter and instrument of science."

The Disciples.—"Knowledge could not be more properly employed."

Paphnucius.—"For the more we are acquainted with the admirable law by which God regulates the number, proportion, and equilibrium of all things, the more does our love burn for Him."

The Disciples.—"And with justice."

Such is the apology which the pious nun of Gandersheim makes of science. Certainly it is not bad for an age of ignorance and barbarism. But while she was cultivating the sciences and letters with so much success in Germany, a poor man cultivated them with still more glory in France. And this was GERBERT.

He was born in Auvergne, at Aurillac, of an obscure family. Whilst young, he embraced the religious life, in the monastery founded in that city by St. Gérald, towards the end of the Ninth century. After having there applied himself to grammar, and the other branches of literature, the desire of advancing more and more in science induced him to travel into distant countries. His abbot sent him to Borel, count of Barcelona,

who placed him under the Bishop Haiton, to study mathematics. The sciences were better preserved at Catalonia, than elsewhere, because the cantons had been less exposed to the excursions of the Normans. Besides, their proximity to Spain, afforded them an opportunity of profiting by the knowledge of which the Arabs then made profession. He carefully cultivated the acquaintance of the learned men of the country: as we may gather from the intimacy which he contracted with Guérin, abbot of St. Michel de Cusan, a man not less celebrated for his piety than his knowledge. Some writers likewise inform us that Gerbert penetrated still farther into Spain, and went to Seville and Cordova, to make new discoveries among the Arabs who there held sway. We are certain he acquired a prodigious knowledge of mathematics, philosophy, astronomy, medicine, and the mechanical arts.

Towards the year 968, the Bishop Haiton and Count Borel having determined to travel to Rome, invited Gerbert to join them. By this means, he became acquainted with Otho I., who gave him the abbey of Bobbio. On quitting Italy, he retired to the court of the Emperor in Germany, where he became the preceptor of young Otho. Thence he passed to Reims, where the Archbishop, Adalberon, entrusted him with the charge of the Cathedral school. In one of his journeys to Rome, whither he went from time to time, he formed the acquaintance of the philosopher Otrief, of Saxony, preceptor of Otho III. The two philosophers had a public conference at Ravenna, on all the sciences, in presence of the emperor and the literary men who were at court or in the city. Gerbert had a great number of disciples, of whom the most illustrious were the two first Othos, and prince Robert of France, afterwards king, who made such progress in the school of Reims, both in

virtue and science, that he was styled *clericus* on account of his learning, and *pius*, on account of his sincere religion.

Besides a great number of letters, Gerbert wrote treatises on arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, rhetoric, dialectic, &c. His favorite author was the celebrated Boëtius, who, with his friend Cassiodorus, transplanted into the West all the sciences of Greece. He was, also, skilled in constructing instruments of astronomy and music.

Ditmar, Bishop of Weresburg, the most judicious and faithful historian of these times, informs us, "that he was perfectly versed in astronomy—that he surpassed all his contemporaries in many other of the polite sciences—that when at Magdebourg, with the Emperor Otho III., he made a clock, the motion of which he regulated by the polar star, which he eyed *through a tube*."*

From the words of another learned contemporary, it has been concluded that Gerbert invented, in the Tenth century, first a clock on wheels, and secondly, an astronomical tube, or, in other words—the telescope! Another ancient writer speaks with admiration of the hydraulic pipes through which he introduced motion by means of *boiling water*; † from which we can infer, without doubt, that Gerbert was the first to discover the application of *steam*!

He was sought after, admired, celebrated as a learned man, by all the world. Hence he became successively Archbishop of Reims, Archbishop of Ravenna, and finally Pope, under the title of SYLVESTER II.

It is remarkable that Roswith and Gerbert were not the only lights that burned in the Tenth century. It produced an incredible number of Saints and learned personages, among

* Ditmar l. vi. † Will. of Malmsb. l. ii. ch. x.

princes and bishops—in the cloister and the world. And the Saints were the most zealous in acquiring, and diffusing abroad, the advantages of science. In England, we find Saint Odo, and Saint Dunstan, both Archbishops of Canterbury. In France, Saints Abbon de Fleury, Odon, Aimand, Mayeul, Odilon, all abbots of Cluny. In Germany, Saint Bernard bishop of Hildesheim, Saint Uldaric, of Augsburg, and the entire monastery of Saint Gall. In the

Kingdom of Lorraine, Saints Guarelin and Gerard, bishops of Toul, Saint John de Vendières, abbot of Gorze, Saint Gerard, abbot of Brogne near Namur, Saint Guibert, abbot of Gemblours; but above all, Saint Bruno, archbishop of Cologne, viceroy of the kingdom of Lorraine, which he divided into two duchies, for the government of which he himself formed two men, of whom one was the ancestor of Godfrey de Bouillon, and the other of the Dukes of Bar.

SPIRITUAL PLEASURES.

A LECTURE,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE YOUNG CATHOLIC FRIENDS' SOCIETY, IN THE MASONIC TEMPLE,—BOSTON.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

Among the various duties incumbent upon those who are placed conspicuously, either by their profession or talents, before their fellow-men, there is none more imperative than that of enlightening and directing the youthful mind. Without much pretention to the latter, I lay claim to the former:—and, raised by the sacred office which I fill, to a more elevated view of the community, it is my province, and certainly my delight, to communicate to the young of every denomination, but especially of my own, whatever gleanings of experience I may have picked up in the paths of meditation and study through which I have passed.

Gentlemen of this society, I appear before you with no ordinary satisfaction—and with a subject, too, that must claim peculiar attention from those among my auditors, who have a taste for intellectual pleasures. And when the topics on which I purpose to treat shall have been sufficiently de-

veloped to your understanding, they will be found calculated to reach every heart, where sensibility and virtue dwell.

The pleasures of the senses are not of a more keen or general character, than those of the spirit. They are, indeed, more quickly appreciated—for they are more directly referable to the physical construction of our being, and are, more or less, common to the irrational animal. Such are the pleasures of hearing, tasting, smelling, seeing, and so forth. Indeed, there is no human creature whose soul does not yield, with delight, to the influence of sound, the sweet singing of birds, the gentle accents of speech, the enchanting harmony of music, vocal or instrumental. And how does the spirit of man glow with rapture, when, through the organ of his eye, objects so varied and wondrous present themselves before him! the face and features of a bosom friend, a parent, a relative—the scene of his

native spot which he revisits after years of absence—the heaven's bright azure—the vale's deep verdure—the flowers' beauteous colors, more fair and lovely than Solomon in all his glory—and so many other equally interesting objects. Ah! he whose destiny it is to be deprived of hearing or seeing, stands among his fellows a mutilated being—his ears sealed up to the delights of sound, or his eyeballs rolling in perpetual darkness. Yet, upon these pleasures it is not my intention to dwell to-night. But I solicit your attention to the consideration of those which the spirit enjoys; and which depend for existence, not on the senses of man, but on his soul. The subject may be divided into these three following heads:

I. INTELLECTUAL PLEASURES—or the pleasures of the intellect.

II. CORDIAL PLEASURES—or pleasures of the heart.

III. VIRTUOUS PLEASURES—or the pleasures of virtue.

These three divisions will cover the whole extent—as far, at least, as may be necessary just now—of one of the most agreeable topics, in my opinion, that could be offered to the consideration of the young minds which form this excellent society.

1. Intellectual pleasures are those which spring from the mind, as from a natural fountain, and diffuse a certain delightful influence over the knowledge acquired by industrious study. They are the offspring of that excellence of genius which makes itself known and admired by the elegant expression of one's own thoughts, and the just appreciation of all that is most interesting and useful in those of others. Nor let it be imagined that these pleasures are abstract merely: they are, indeed, abstract pleasures, but not, therefore, the less real and fascinating. For the mind so acts upon the physical organs of the human system, that when they are delighted, the entire being participates in the

mental delectation. And so essential is it that the mind should be in a condition of happiness, in order that the man should be really so likewise, that unless this be the case, no pleasure worth the name, can possibly exist.—Hence the truth of that poetic, and, at the same time, philosophic, adage: *mens sana in corpore sano*.

The spirit, concealed in its mysterious hiding-place, never ceases to think: and its sweetest pleasures are derived from thought. Spirits hold communion with one another. Mine communicates its ideas to yours—and yours to mine. This is done by speech, oral or written. The more beauteous, high, and elegant those thoughts, the more pleasure is thence derived. This theory cannot be called in question, at least by the intellectual reader, whose best delight it is to hold converse with those master-writers, whose works are famed for lofty and virtuous thoughts.

The spirit is a celestial spark, struck—I think some poet has it—from the throne of God. The breath divine has inflamed it, and it burns with splendid ardor. It is the fire which animates and vivifies the intellect: and nothing but the foul clouds of passion can enshroud it in gloom. Nay, oftentimes, even through that gloom—dense and darksome as it is—the light of the spirit, unquenchable and fierce, will struggle, though with a glimmering ray.

Spirit must not be confounded with genius, taste, judgment, talent.—From these it is distinct, although it partakes of all—for they are its offspring: and the pleasures derived from them—and these are infinite—must necessarily be referred to it. I say these pleasures are infinite. Need I attempt to explain? It would require a hundred tongues, nay, a hundred volumes, to enter into all the delights which are produced by taste, judgment, and talent. And these are intellectual pleasures.

The spirit, through the medium of genius, can give beauty to the commonest ideas: this is done by *finesse*, if I may use the term, and delicacy. By *finesse*, is meant the art of giving to understand a sentiment which is not openly and clearly expressed. This touches the language more than it does the thought: but *delicacy* refers to the sentiment—and is well elucidated in the sentence of him who said:—*quando omnia perdidit, omnia obtinui. By losing all things, I have gained all.*

Similes, comparisons, allegories and metaphors, are so many aids to give relief, as it were, to the spirit, and to develope thought. And the pleasure derived from the right use of figurative speech, expressed by such aids, is of a rare and exquisite character. These intellectual pleasures emanate from the different qualities I have indicated, and interest the soul under many respects. Novelty is delightful to it, sentimental ideas touch it, cheerful objects attract it, pleasant thoughts cheer it, racy expressions charm it, lively images expand all its sensibility, grand and sublime conceptions excite all its admiration. In this way, such intellectual pleasures, which may be multiplied to infinity, concur for our enjoyment and felicity; causing us to derive delight, not merely from our own genius, but, likewise, that of others.

The energies of spirit should not be exerted, except at a proper time, and in a becoming manner. To this end, it will be well, nay necessary, to familiarize one's self with the master-works of genius, which time has consecrated, and the opinions of all men rendered venerable.

Here is an inexhaustible fountain of intellectual delight. To live the past over again, as it were, by blending our living thoughts with beings great and illustrious, whose spirits, ages ago, have ceased to act in this world by their present influences, but which have bequeathed their mental

treasures—the richest boon of antiquity—to countless succeeding generations. They are stars shining on through the night of years, and studing the firmament of letters with gems and pearls of mind. They are beacons among the ruins of other spirits, which, if they gave a ray of light at all, it lasted only for a brief space, and was quenched in eternal darkness. Moreover, the spirit does not display itself, in all its worth, or produce its full effect, unless sustained by reason; otherwise, it will make but a pompous exhibition of a vain and fallacious splendor.

But I must not forget to remark, that the greater and more multiplied the pleasures of the spirit, the more dangerous does the abuse of them become. And when abused, then all its faculties combine to palliate vice, to disfigure truth, to support error, to depreciate the merit of others, and to strew over with flowers malignity and falsehood. Were it needful to adduce examples of this melancholy assertion, what mighty spirits could I not array before you, who, by abusing their extraordinary attributes, fell into absurdities the most gross, and became victims to theories the most vicious and immoral. Vanity is too often the cause why intelligencies, sublime and glorious, at first, have been made to shoot, like so many falling stars, from their brilliant spheres, down into depths more terrible than chaos. We have seen names in the book of Truth, which no prophet could have foreseen would have been otherwise than monuments of spiritual worth, erased, on a sudden, by the hand of Religion, and transferred to the records of scepticism or error, by the Genius of Pride. We have witnessed this catastrophe in our own times. If, in by-gone years, we read of once glorious spirits “whose candlesticks were removed,” the nineteenth century has seen the grandest spirit of the Church of France hurled down by its own vanity, from

the throne of Truth, into the dungeons of St. Pelagie.*

I said that spirit, properly defined, differs from genius and taste. Genius is a more elevated attribute, inasmuch as it is animated by a creative sentiment which approaches to perfection. The pleasures of genius are more rare, and, consequently, more lively; for they are transported at times even as far as enthusiasm, and constitute the consummation of intellectual enjoyments. Genius is, moreover, a pure gift of nature, which produces master-works far beyond the ability of those who are not so sublimely gifted. Hence, a man of genius is immediately recognised; for he possesses a peculiar train of ideas, and presents them to others in language which marks him, forthwith, as a favored child of nature. But, as the lapse from the highest pinnacle is, not unfrequently, into the profoundest depths, so, when a great genius errs or falls, his error, his fall, are like that of the defeated Archangel, into the lowest depths—"a lower deep still opening to devour him." Voltaire might be mentioned as a striking exemplification of this truth. But, genius well regulated and steady in its bearing, begets wisdom—and the fruits of wisdom, like the palm-tree in Cades, never decays: and those fruits afford a perennial store of intellectual pleasures.

Taste, is the handmaid of genius. She gathers up the flowers as they bud forth under her genial influence, and weaves them into fragrant wreaths to crown her. Taste governs talent. The luxurious growth of figures she prunes; and realises the maxims of the Roman critic:

*"Non satis est pulchra esse poemata,
dulcia sunt."*

"'Tis not enough your verse should beautiful be;

Let it be sweet in language."

* The great but unfortunate De L'Amenais.

Taste, gives the polishing stoke to every work of genius; infuses into it exquisite sentiment, which, at a glance of the eye, can be perceived, and which cannot fail to inspire with intellectual delight every man of good sense and refined appreciation. By the operation of Taste, beauty is discerned from mediocrity, good from bad, in every work whose object and aim are to be useful or pleasing. And it is only the man of taste who can distinguish with wisdom that which is calculated to touch, to delight, to instruct; and the impressions he receives thereby produce the most delicious intellectual enjoyment. Of Taste, it may be said in the language of the above cited Poet:

———"Hæc virtus erit,
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia
dici
Pleraque differat, ac presens in tempus
omittat."

"This is its virtue: some things now to say,
And others to the future to defer—
This to adopt, and that to lay aside."

From what I have said, the pleasures of the spirit may be generally understood. Those of Taste and Genius combining, form a delightful association which imparts to the soul more congenial enjoyment than any extrinsic or sensible objects can bestow; and to renounce these, would be to check the fountains of mind—to destroy the sources, so pure and abundant, of intellectual happiness. Let us now pass to the second head, viz:

CORDIAL PLEASURES, or the pleasures of the heart.

II. On the threshold of this enrapturing subject, my hand almost refuses its labor, and my pen seems ready to fall from my grasp, so absorbed is my mind in the prospect before me. Sweet friendships, hallowed loves, tender affections, and gentle sympathies crowd upon my imagination. Gratitude, charity, commiseration, heroism, com-

ing forth from the mysterious depths of the heart, present their spiritual tributes to the sum of intellectual enjoyments.

Cordial pleasures are composed of those blissful emotions, that delightful interest, which the soul experiences in receiving tokens of tenderness, attachment, and beneficence. Spirit yearns after spirit. There is a mystic relation binding them together—a chain made in heaven, whose every link is a soul depending one on the other—sympathising with, and, in great measure, essential to one another. Companionship is our natural condition. Isolation is a negative; spirit is positive; and thus, when one shews kindness to the other, there is an electric delight, which thrills the heart, and gives rise to those exquisite sensations which constitute its pleasures.

The springs of these pleasures are sensibility and beneficence. In the word *sensibility*, who can tell what sympathies and relations are contained? It is a tender affection of the soul, a touching virtue, which feels a lively interest in every thing that concerns humanity. It is the tear which drops over the miseries, the afflictions, the sorrows of a neighbor. It is the sigh which the heart heaves when mourning over the domestic scene, and lays down by the hearth-stone, in the silence of the dead, the loved one who once deepened its gladness by his blended smiles and animated speech. When the poor man tells his tale of want, she pities, and relieves. When the orphan's craving glance fixes itself upon her, and cries for his absent mother, she presses him to her bosom, and warms him with her love. She palliates the errors of humanity, and rejoices in its virtues. She melts, not only at real woes, but, likewise, at the ills of fancy—not, indeed, with morbid sentimentalism, but with a feeling which is inseparable from virtue, and the characteristic attribute of an upright heart; an attribute, which

prompts not only to relieve, but, if possible to prevent, the evils too incident to human life. And from these actions, from this tender sympathy of soul, a thousand spiritual luxuries emanate, which are a perennial fountain of cordial enjoyment. With no less reason than originality, did the immortal author of the "Deserted Village" express himself, when he sang of the *luxury of doing good*.

The cold philosophy of the egotist, does not admit this theory. Nay, it has dared assert, as one of its principal tenets, that sensibility, far from creating enjoyment, generates pain. It confounds, moreover, sensibility with mawkish *sensibilism* or *sentimentalism*, and pronounces it unbecoming a manly heart. But, upon this ground, even virtue itself may be discarded. For virtue, as we will see in its proper place, is all gentleness, feeling, and love, while, at the same time, as its very name imports, it is all courage, fortitude, and valor.

The sensible heart, I know, often bleeds, because of its own exquisite sensibility, for the sorrows and miseries of others. But, then, there is a nameless pleasure even in that pain: there is a spiritual blending of satisfaction and noble complacency with the anguish of sympathy, which, as it were by a mystic alchemy, converts the bitterness into sweetness—and imparts a sensation infinitely more to be coveted than the frigid imperturbability of the stoic's soul. Sensibility transforms into joys those very pains which it occasions—and the bounty and charity which accompany it, cause the heart to forget its own sorrows in the good which is done to another.

It is, then, beyond all doubt, that the sensible heart enjoys more than any other the purer pleasures of existence; and the interest it experiences for others, diffuses itself over a greater number of objects. It possesses within itself the spark of virtue, which re-

quires only to be excited in order to warm and enlighten its aspirations and actions. Reflection may render a man honest, but sensibility alone can make him sympathetic. Rigid honesty dispenses to all their rights, with philosophic severity, but heeds not the gentler offices of compassion and love. But sensibility seeks after them, and her best delight is to mingle her spiritual aids with their necessities. She is the mother of humanity and generosity. She will be found in the abodes of distress, near the couch of sickness, in the dungeons of guilt itself: and her only study is how to confer upon all, whom she can reach, the blessings of her influence.

Sensibility realizes what charity inspires; and carries her beneficence to such a degree of perfection, that she is often ignorant of her own most generous deeds. Thus reducing into effect the sublime morality of the gospel; when the left hand knows not what the right performs—but all is reserved to the providential regard of our heavenly Father, whose eye seeth in darkness.

When not in a situation to follow the kind suggestions of beneficence, sensibility will not be satisfied with her own internal desires, but will have recourse to every means in order to give external evidences of them. She is always industrious in devising plans, always fruitful in producing resources, by which to bestow relief and consolation; and if every exertion fail, she soothes her disappointment with the reflection that to sympathize with our fellow beings is to impart to them a share of comfort, and, if other aids are wanting, she can, nevertheless, extend her salutary counsel. And, among the various means of shewing sympathy and sincere regard, I know of none less equivocal than that of sincere and heart-felt advice given when solicited either directly, or by the appeal of circumstances. True friendship can never be more firmly tested; especial-

ly when he for whom such advice is intended occupies a station of influence and authority. One of the most difficult things, in my estimation, is for an inferior to say *no*, or even *beware*, when a superior says *yes*, and *fear not the consequences*. But, where the heart is warmed by genuine beneficence, the intense desire of making others happy will be the only motive of its action—and candor will speak what sensibility feels. And in this blessed effort to do good, and avoid evil, there is contained a sweet satisfaction, which claims no lowly place among the *cordial enjoyments*, or pleasures of the heart.

Sensibility is incompatible with ingratitude; a vice, of which the very name is held in horror. And not only this;—not only the sensible heart cannot be ungrateful itself, but, moreover, it is slow to accuse others of that vice. Men frequently complain of the ingratitude of others merely to cover their own avarice, or justify their want of charity. They will not assist, or hardly pity, a neighbor in distress, because of the ingratitude with which many good actions are often requited. But this is a fallacious pretext. This is a cold and speculative theory of stoicism which ill comports with the susceptibilities of the human heart, or the sublime character of the christian code.

Gratitude is, indeed, an essential duty on the part of him who receives a kindness; but, in bestowing that kindness, the sensible heart is not actuated by the desire of being gratefully requited. No; such an idea does not enter into its holy views: otherwise the beneficent deeds of charity would be but a kind of cordial speculation, by which one heart would be moved to sympathy for another only for the return which should be made; and thus would the gentle charities of the soul be bartered, as it were—as in a commercial speculation, where money is lent only to be returned with usury.

Supposing ingratitude to be more common even than is really the case, should the fountains of benevolence be, therefore, sealed up? This, indeed, would be to destroy humanity, to trample to the earth all the feelings of sensibility. There would then exist no such virtue as disinterestedness, which naturally inclines and leads to doing good, without any other recompense than the mere pleasure of having performed an excellent deed, which pleasure is of a *cordial* nature, an exquisite enjoyment of the heart.

Beneficence, growing out of sensibility, is a virtue of all others the most pregnant with delight, the most useful, and the most active. It sheds its celestial balm into all the evils which afflict humanity, and knows no limit save the impotency of doing more good. By this was prompted every philosophic act recorded on the historic page, every heroic privation made by generous and devoted men, and every chivalrous and noble feat which distinguished and immortalized the patriot, the missionary, and the martyr.

The only rock which such beneficence has to fear, is that of pride: of exacting services and reciprocities—which corrupts all the good that has been effected. An act, no matter how sublime it may seem, if performed with such an intention, loses all its greatness: and far from satisfying him for whom it is intended, becomes insupportable and odious to him. It has the character of a *favor*—and no man of independent feelings would be willing to be regarded as under an obligation to another, who has merely acted for the purpose of extorting that obligation. For, if vanity govern the one in the exercise of benevolent offices, pride will sway the emotions of the other, and cause him to disdain, what, under another influence, would have proved a source of pleasing gratitude. Beneficence, fostered into action by the spirit of ostentation, pro-

ceeds not from the well-spring of sensibility or virtue: but beneficence, warmed by the ardor of charity, and acting under her gentle inspiration, takes its birth in heaven, and brings down upon the heart which is opened to receive its blessings, the most lasting and precious delights; which delights, like the pleasures of charity, are exquisite alike to him who gives, and him who receives.

Among the pleasures of the heart, the sweetest of all, by far, as well as the purest and most enduring, is that of friendship. Friendship! at this sacred name, the soul exults with delight; for in it is contained whatever most endears and consecrates our nature. All tender yearnings, all fond dependencies, all social intercourse, are its blessed offspring. Deep sentiment alone can define it, whilst, in fact, it owes its origin to sentiment. He who feels the hallowed spirit of friendship in his soul, has felt there first the glow of virtuous sentiment. Well has Young exclaimed—

Celestial happiness! whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone—the bosom of a friend,
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.
Beware the counterfeit: in passion's flame
Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder
froze:

True love strikes root in Reason—passion's
foe.

Virtue alone entenders us for life:
I wrong her much—entenders us forever!

And Cotton, in his Sixth "Vision:"

Friendship! thou soft propitious power,
Sweet regent of the social hour:
Sublime thy joys;—nor understood
But by the virtuous and the good.

Friendship may be regarded as an illimited contract between two sensible and virtuous hearts. They are bound by reciprocal affection which flows from the fountains of sensibility and virtue. Fountains unpolluted by any selfish admixture of passion, pure from the dregs of sordid interest, limpid in the serene sunshine of candor

and peace. Esteem and attachment form the elements of friendship. Without them it cannot flourish. But, where hearts are blended together by them, their existence is rendered delightful—every instant is gilded with happiness, and every pain is alleviated or destroyed. And what makes these pleasures more invaluable is, that they are pure as they are sweet, and estranged from repentance or remorse. Nay, further, they augment with years, and are remembered with a sentiment of transport.

Friendship affords to every age and condition an inexhaustible source of contentment and felicity. It is this noble sentiment which causes men in society to look upon one another as brethren; which mingles together their various interests, and enlarges the boundaries of their sociabilities. This sentiment is co-natural to man, it is innate, requires not the agency of external circumstances, waits not for the interposition of contingent opportunities. In effect, there is no expression which can sufficiently denote the affections of the heart—much less give utterance to them—which friendship inspires: affections, by which it produces an admirable and sweet transfusion of soul into soul.

True friendship is of rare occurrence. The name is common, but much abused, and little apprehended. In the composition of friendship so many extraordinary attributes must enter, that when we consider them together, it would almost seem they are no where to be found. Have you ever examined the bases on which it is established? They are as follow:

First, **VIRTUE**—which, with her holy blandishments, attracts and unites together hearts and souls, and then breathes into them her celestial spirit—which is nothing less than the breath of God:—and by this breath is friendship animated.

Secondly, **ESTEEM**—which is obtained only by the conscious know-

ledge that the object we love is free from vice. This can be found nowhere except in the paths of virtue; and can be preserved only by reiterated trials, and constant fidelity.

Thirdly, **CONFIDENCE**—which generates a certainty that our interests will not be endangered or betrayed.

Fourthly, **PRUDENCE**—which foresees, at a distance, every motive of a change of friendship, and kindly and cautiously removes it in time.

Fifthly, **SENSIBILITY**—which divides with ourselves the misfortunes of our friends, and urges us not merely to afford them succour and comfort in them, but, likewise, even, if possible, to prevent them.

Sixthly, **GOODNESS** and **INDULGENCE**—which render amiable the commerce and intercourse of life, and spread the mantle of charity and forgiveness over the errors of human weakness.

Seventhly, **FIRMNESS** and **CONSTANCY**—which exclude all levity from the solid and lasting sentiment of friendship. Without these qualities, there is no much thing as genuine attachment. It would be impossible to harmonize the different and conflicting dispositions of humor, character, and condition. Viewing the subject in this its proper light, we will not be surprised to find that friendship is so rare among mankind; as rare as real virtue, and as valuable as wisdom itself. For, it is made up of both—and will own no companionship, admit no kindred feeling, but with the virtuous and the wise. In a corrupt and lowly soul, it will not deign to make its habitation. The powerful man may have his slaves—the wealthy man his adulators—the man of genius his admirers; but the wise and good man alone will have his friends.

It is not difficult now to perceive the infinite difference between true and solid friendship, and the passing and fiery passion which often tortures the rash hearts of youth. There is no happiness in such delusion. For a

time, the hope of enjoyment may beckon onward the unwary victim of vice, but that hope, like the *ignis fatuus*—beckons onward to ruin. Far be it from me to depreciate the union of soul and body effected by virtuous love, and consummated by the matrimonial bond; no, the Church, our holy mother, has sanctified this; and has ranked the nuptial ceremony among her sacraments. But where the noble object of such union is not had in view, love is a guilty passion, disordinate in its character—the abuse of sentiment—the profanation of sensibility—the offspring of caprice. It is light and inconstant—it is destroyed by time. It fires the hot and giddy excesses of youth. It is always accompanied by fears, uneasiness, remorse. Friendship is solid and enduring. It adorns and enobles every age. It is guided by confidence, truth, and virtue. Its pleasures are unalterable. They are enjoyed in the present, the past, and the future; and if there be felicity on earth, it is in such friendship that it is to be found; not in that precarious attachment which is disordinate and capricious as the passions, empty as vanity, and selfish as interest. If there were anything further to be added on his subject, I would merely state, that Religion alone is the foundation of genuine Friendship. Possessing this,

His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

III. From these intellectual and spiritual pleasures, we now pass to those of virtue. And this is the part of my subject most worthy the attention of all, but especially of the young gentlemen who constitute the members of this Society.

Virtue is so fair, so attractive, when seen in her native and original form, that the heart that would not yearn after her—would not open, at once, to her holy influence—must be sealed against the tenderest appeals, and closed against the charms of loveli-

ness. Virtue is a seraph, bright and immortal, descended from the spheres of glory to walk among the sons of earth, and to make them good and perfect and happy. She is the angel-guardian of youth—she is the angel-solace of old age. To every condition and class of life, she is the most unerring and prolific source of happiness in the present world, as well as the future, beyond the tomb. And behold here the infinite advantage which Virtue bestows. In the language of Montesquieu—*intended to render us happy hereafter, Virtue likewise perfects our happiness here.*

“It was not without profound wisdom,” remarks the Count de Maistre, “that the Romans expressed by one and the same word *Virtue* and *Force*—*VIRTUS*. For there is no Virtue, properly speaking, that does not imply a victory over ourselves. And what costs nothing, is worth nothing. If sometimes Virtue appear to have less talent than Vice to obtain riches, offices, &c., so much the better even in a temporal point of view. Let us never envy crime, but leave it to its sad prosperity. Virtue has its fortune; it has all that it is lawful to desire; and even had it less, nothing would be wanting to the just man—for there would remain peace of heart. Inestimable treasure! health of the soul! charm of life! which supplies the place of everything else, and for which nothing else could be a substitute.”

Virtue elevates the soul above itself by inspiring it with super-human sentiments. It repudiates and condemns every low and craven feeling. *Virtus timoris nescia* is a beautiful and just expression of the Roman Lyrist. What has the upright and religious man to dread? With infinite truth may he exclaim:

*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jacula neque arcu, etc.*

The virtuous man from vices free,
Recks not the Moorish lance or bow,
Nor poisoned arrow from the heavy quiver.

His path is straight-forward, and his conduct before the world, courting its scrutiny, and fearless of its censure. For, his whole being is animated, as it were, by her spirit; his affections are governed by it, and his soul imbibes a delicious enjoyment which the treasures of the earth could not purchase. One hour in such delights is better than a thousand years in the tents of iniquity. Well and beautifully has a poetical writer exclaimed :

Oh ! why will you talk of the pleasures, which
earth
For a brief, passing hour to the guilty may
bring ?
One drop of that Joy, to which Virtue gives
birth,
Is worth all the torrents from Luxury's
spring.
Drink not of the former; for in them can
you never
Slake the thirst of the soul which is pant-
ing for bliss ;
But go to the latter; whose waters flow ever
From Elysian realms to the spirits of this.

Virtue imparts courage to support all real evils, and renders in inaccessible by imaginary ones. For, to the least observant it must be known, that men are sometimes more harrassed, more broken down, by the latter than even by the former. Virtue regulates the imagination. She admits within its sanctuary nothing of a profane, nothing of a distracting character : and, instead of those hauntings which too often infest the minds of the guilty, she introduces into them pleasant ideas, gentle thoughts, and holy imaginings. She spreads over the whole a sweet calm, lulling into quiet all the elements of the soul, and thus inducing a state which is an anticipation of that to which we aspire in heaven. Who, therefore, can doubt, after entering the least into the consideration of the subject, that virtue affords the principal source of the pleasures which flow into the heart. The tie that exists between virtue and happiness is so strict and intimate, that they are quite inseparable. With

elegant propriety has the muse of Pope sung :

“ Virtue alone is happiness below.”

And unhappiness cannot be considered otherwise than an effect inevitable from an indifference to virtue. All the miseries entailed on the human family were in consequence of that indifference, or rather were the lamentable offspring of the vices ; all the blessings lavished on them, the inestimable results of the love of virtue. These propositions have been developed by some of the greatest christian philosophers, and, save by the blinded sceptic, cannot be called in question. Moreover, the virtues are sisters, and *one* cannot be violated, but at the expense of our happiness. For example, probity commands us not to act towards our neighbor in a manner which we ourselves would be unwilling should be the guide of others in our regard. That is to say, it forbids us to injure another. But beneficence goes farther, and not only prohibits the doing evil to a neighbor, but requires that we should afford him assistance in his misfortunes. If we comply with the former, but neglect the latter, the pleasure which would redound from the one would be destroyed by the remorse which will attend and follow the neglect of the other. But when all are cultivated, it is impossible to tell how perfect the human character becomes, or what pleasures the human heart enjoys.

We all know—alas ! perhaps experience has taught us all—to what numberless difficulties and dangers virtue is ever exposed. Whither-soever the eye directs its gaze, the scene is fraught with perils. Young men, you need but walk abroad amid the dissipating scenes which crowd your streets, to feel how careful should be your path. Listen not to the song of the worldly Syren, heard from some enchanted spot, and echoed back by luxurious hills and vales, where every

pleasure seems to bloom, but where certain destruction awaits the unwary victim. Bind yourselves to the mast, as your bark glides by, and remember that with virtue at the helm, you will pass safely on, escape the shoals more dangerous even than those of Scylla and Charybdis, and be wafted on to the haven where happiness dwells. Remember again that to preserve virtue, you must distrust your natural strength, and elicit all your moral energies to struggle against every obstacle.

I have thus performed the task assigned me, of addressing the members of this most excellent society. A pleasing task, indeed, to me, and may I trust it has been the same to all those whose attention has been occupied by it? To leave, awhile, the duller avocations of life—to withdraw, as it were, into some christian Academus or literary Porch, there to devote an hour stolen from the business of the world to the contemplation of the pleasures of mind, is a beautiful and instructive practice. And what are these Lectures, but such contemplations. In them, are contained the results of serious study, the wisdom of great abilities, and the experience of mature

observation, calculated to enlighten, please, and instruct the hearts of young men. How much better such nights—these *noctes cœnæ que Deum*, as they have been so elegantly styled by the Poet, than those spent in dissipation, idleness, or crime. I love to see the ardor with which these lectures are conducted; and, while I praise the gifted men who have consented to share their wisdom with the young and gentle mind, I applaud the youthful circle of ingenuous hearers, who seem desirous to improve their auspicious opportunities; and prefer these evening *reunions* to the vain pageant of the theatre, or the hectic excitement of ball or rout. If my humble abilities have brought anything to the occasion either instructive or pleasing, my pains will be amply rewarded, and my hopes and desires accomplished. In conclusion, young gentlemen; let me again exhort you to seek after wisdom; for, in the sweet language of Miss Carter:

Beneath her clear, discerning eye,
The visionary shadows fly
Of folly's painted show;
She sees through every fair disguise
That all, but Virtue's solid Joys,
Is vanity and wo.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

Ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes.

Canticle of Magnificat.

I.

A star above the world's wild sea;
A hope within the christian breast;
A desert fountain springing free;
Eternity to minds oppress'd!

Holy mother such art thou
Virgin of the beaming brow!
Star of love and hope of light,
Desert fountain free and bright
Ave Maria!

II.

The play thing of the storm am I
 Upon life's treacherous ocean tost :
 To thee I look with watchful eye
 For if I loose thee I am lost.*
 Be my constant beacon thou,
 Pure of heart and calm of brow,
 Lend me still thy mediate light,
 Thro' this world of stormy night.
 Ave Maria !

III.

In my young heart's elysian day,
 My thoughts were bright as summer flowers
 When with the morning light they play,
 Or sleep in moonbeams through their bowers :
 They were shaken in their pride :
 They were fragile, and they died :
 But the parent tree is here
 Bid it bud with flowers as fair.
 Ave Maria !

IV.

Hail ! chosen vessel of the Lord ;
 Hail virgin mother of the Word :
 Parent of man's Redeemer hail :
 Pray to his throne—thou can'st prevail !
 Pray as Mercy's Mother may ;
 Pray as Heaven's Queen can pray ;
 Hear a suppliant of earth
 Thou wert too of mortal birth !
 Ave Maria !

PHIL. RILEY OR THE CONVICT.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

Here without one consoler near,
 To whisper comfort to the ear,
 His fate consigned to judgments frail
 With whom a breath might turn the scale.
 Alas ! if misery dwells below
 This is her darkest den of woe !
 The Curse of Kishogue.

CHAPTER I.

" May God in his mercy look down
 upon me, and uphould me in this
 thrial as he did in every other ; for
 surely 'tis a terrible thing to be af-
 therselling the pass upon the poor boys
 that done it all for the best, and if
 they were wrong they believed they

* " Si je te perd je suis perdu."

were right, and if I must suffer, why,
 God who knows all hearts, won't turn
 away his blessed face from me. No !
 no ! I'll never be an informer and have
 their blood upon my hands : there
 never yet was an informer in Phil.
 Riley's family, and my name shan't
 be the black spot upon theirs. The
 honest characther must not stop away
 from my grave—no ! those prison
 walls must bury me first."

Such were the ejaculations and resolutions of one of the many prisoners who awaited their trial in the Clork County jail, in the year 182—, charged with having arms in their houses without legal authority. Fire arms had been found in his dwelling ; but his hand had never placed them there, and he knew not of their presence or possession. His ever upright and unimpeachable character, was of little avail against the evidence of the policeman who found them beneath his roof. Nor was it more available, when placed against the suspicion, that he could have had no other use of them, than that of aiding, abetting, and assisting, in the lawless deeds of insurrection, which, at that time, were a very correct miniature likeness, or rather facsimile of the great tragedy which the British “*Divide et impera*” “got up,” with all its revolting scenery and sanguinary details, in that fated country, in the memorable year of 1798. At this, as at that period, the same systematic, occult, sapping and mining system was practised—and if we are to judge of the tree by its fruit, the result of this diabolical *malice prepense*, was proof of its parentage, and did wondrous credit to the hereditary spirit of “the fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.” The British Government, which, *translated Hibernice*, means “the Orangemen of the British empire,” were afraid that the fire might become extinct which their pious progenitors had kindled to “the glorious, pious and immortal memory ;” and therefore fomented this outbreak, by the way of giving ventilation to the flame, and keeping the national furnace in a state of sufficiently vigorous temperature. This periodical trial of the government pleasantries—this classic re-action, for a more *conservative* purpose, of the bloody amusements of the gladiatorial arena, created a similar sportive spirit in the peasant-

try, who, since the closing of the European Continental arena, were rapidly *degenerating* into peace and *Papacy*. The scene of this cold blooded interlude was laid in the very part of the country, (the South), where, from the very happy and peaceful dispositions of the people, and the harmony of the social relations, the springing of the mine would be most destructive ; and the catastrophe was all which the Genius of evil could, at the time, desire ;—it being, as before observed, just sufficient to keep the hand in play.

Neighbourly distrust, suspicion, jealousy, hate, insecurity, discord, sprang up like hot-bed plants : and the propagation was invigorated by a judicious sub-straum of middlemen, proctors, and Peelers ; of these, the first were a species of the lingo breed, who hold a place between the owner and cultivator of the soil, and by a spaniel-like pliancy on the one hand, and an assumption of friendship on the other, generally succeeded in controlling the credulity and obtaining the confidence of both. The second also, possesses his duplicate power of evil—for while he has the dishonest privilege of demanding the inappropriate, or lay tithes, as holding a kind of family connection with the rent-charge, and therefore the less objectionable *de jure*, he can exercise, as circumstances may advise, his authority in wielding the merciless power of the law-church against the poor Catholic, who, in many instances, is deprived of his culinary articles, and his “last blanket” for the payment of this Satanic exaction ; legislated in Pandemonium but enacted in Ireland, for the benefit of the mitred lordlings of that land, and for the plunder of a peasantry, to whom the name of the proctor is a synonyme for “curse and desolation.” The third in this triumvirate is of a later, though not less malign creation and influence : the Peeler is a genus—

per se—they partake of the treple character of military *partizan* and constabulary—purple, orange and blue—a Cerberus of the real PEEL impregnation, blood and fang! and faithfully and fearfully is the intention of this sub-agency—amalgam carried into effect—oppressive, maddening and murderous.

Having thus given a faint, but fair idea of the government and the few of its agencies of pacification more immediately connected with the horrifying history of the times, it will be neither irrelevant nor uninteresting to take a slight view of that class who were the victims—those to whose *caste* Philip Riley belonged.

It would be unreasonable to expect that an oppressive and vicious government, should possess the affections or confidence of its people: to look for the reverse is at once natural and justifiable. Consequently, the people, goaded to desperation by those bad men, and being led to believe that any change must be the herald of better fortunes, readily enrolled themselves into secret societies, who, under the associate or general name “White Boys,” carried on a kind of half-disciplined midnight warfare against their oppressors, armed with pikes, hay-forks, reaping hooks, and other agrarian weapons and implements, and also with such an assortment of fire-arms as they could obtain, *per fas et nefas*, with as little scruple of conscience, as desperate recklessness of consequences. Like all such wild resorts to self-justification, this course only strengthened the strong and weakened the injured party; and the attacks on private houses for the procurement of arms, and the destruction of property which were frequently and variously successful, always terminated in the death of some, and the capture of many of the misdirected “White Boys.” Martial law was proclaimed and vigorously executed, and the pris-

oners became so numerous, that a “special commission” was issued for their trial, and the gallows and the transport-ship, were put into active requisition. The wail of the broken-hearted, whose dearest life-links were thus rent asunder, was loud throughout the country, and the sight of *cart loads* of the condemned as they were borne through the crowds of paralyzed spectators who thronged the streets and the windows of the city, and followed by a kind of funeral of their wretched relatives, who rent the air with their lamentations, to the place of execution, was not less tragical than the bloodiest scenes enacted in the darkest days of the French Revolution. It sometimes happened that the previous good character of the prisoner was held as a reason for mitigation of punishment, and in some few cases the appeal of the Tory Landlord procured the government-pardon, where the *Catholic* majesty of Spain and an antidiluvian reach of loyal ancestry, would fail of success. Some were pardoned with the prospective hope of inducing them to inform against their fellow-associates in the insurrection; and to others, the promise of rewards as well as freedom, was held out for a similar purpose: for, although the courts of justice were only just as pure as the standard of the government policy rose and fell, still the *character* of the informer had great moral influence on the public mind, and through it on the *impartial* reputation of the court and jury. Philip Riley was one of the latter; overtures had been repeatedly made to him to reveal all he knew concerning the “goings on”—promises of affluence and public employment, and a snug little house and a couple of acres of ground were, with the same proviso, tendered for his acceptance; but although he was poor, he was proud, and far better, he was honest, and honorable, and the characteristic detesta-

tion in which the *informer* is, and ever has been held by the Irish peasantry, did not degenerate in his family's generations; and no contingency could prevail upon him to sully the family name. When Riley was arrested, he was openly accused with having fire-arms concealed in his house, which accusation he as boldly denied—the arms were produced, and he was asked if he had not seen them before. He replied he had not, and to interrogatories whether he had not obtained them indirectly from the house of Robert Hedges Eyre, Esquire, whose name was engraved upon them, he said he knew nothing whatever concerning them. The questions which are usually put to the accused in all preliminary examinations, were successively put, but elicited only the same negative reply; until the *Rev.* Mr. Orpen, a magistrate, (for "such things were"), asked him if he knew any of those who attended and assisted at the White Boys midnight drills? he said that God as well as himself, knew *he* had neither "hand or part" in them. Orpen, seeing the evasion, pressed his first question, and at length was answered in the affirmative, but no farther would Riley reply: and he was committed, tried and convicted; and sentenced to transportation for life beyond the seas, upon the testimony of one, who must henceforward occupy a prominent and interesting place in this "ower true" narrative of "the Guiltless Convict."

It was at the close of the month of September, when the harvest generally is granaried, and the relations between landlord and tenant are at their semi-annual regulation point, wound up for another six months action: rent-roll inspections are disposed of—the poor tenant has been allowed "a day of grace," and the solvent one has secured his receipt and his landlord's favor, both in full. Sir Nicholas Conway Colthurst, relieved thus far as a landlord from the duty

of estate-financiering, was thinking of setting off for London to resume his seat in parliament, the Catholic Emancipation question having assumed a new and important interest in consequence of state papers recently received at the Home department from the Castle—that is from the Irish Government, respecting the feelings of that country, and their leaders, and the fear that the cause had its advocates among those, to whom hitherto, government would first look for support in any extremity or emergency. Sir Nicholas, therefore, to expedite his departure, proceeded to dispose of his remaining private business, first among which was the consideration of several petitions which he had received from as many prisoners confined under the Insurrection Act, praying his interest in their behalf respectively. They were all from late residents in his immediate neighbourhood: one, however, was from one of his own tenants:—it protested not against his arrest—his degradation in being tried in a public court as a rioter—an enemy of his country's peace—a criminal—nor did it remonstrate against the severity of his sentence, or complain of his sufferings; it stated his innocence, and *recommended* inquiry lest justice be insulted in her own name, and within the walls of her own temple. This petition or rather remonstrance, was from Philip Riley, whose name and virtues have given a title to this paper, and whom we found imprisoned after despatching it to his landlord; (whose justice alone he deigned to solicit, as a measure due to his family, society and himself;) calling on Him who knoweth the secrets of all hearts, for his sustainment and consolation. The Baronet, feeling that his tenant, whom he had known for years, had a claim upon his preference of consideration and interest, called a confidential *attache* of his household, who knew every hole and corner in the

barony, and had been secret-keeper of half its itinerant match-makers in more peaceable days, and telling him his intention to do something for Riley, asked him had he any idea of the number of White Boys within a couple of miles around Ardrum, (the name of his residence.)

"Why then, Sir Nicholas, (replied Desmond), how could I be able to answer such a question as that? but I'll tell your how to come at it asiest—jest take up every mother's sowl you meet, from Cork to Macroom, and count 'em and then, maybe, you'll be purty near the mark."

"What! all White Boys?"

"That's jest the way 'tis, and no other, as near as you can go, Sir! barring that same poor man, the crame o' the whole tynantry, and if you ever meet—

"Whom do you mean, Desmond?"

"Wisha, who would I mane, your honor, but poor Philip Riley. I was going to say, you needn't take him up, for the sorrow a book he ever kissed among the Boys, though he's sufferin' in the black dungeon with his poor ould gray hairs, the crathur. God help him, and indeed, Sir Nicholas, he will help him."

"But the arms were found in his roof-thatch, where they had been concealed, and as the law presumes, by him."

Oh! thin murther an ounds! what's the world coming to, at all—at all; and what kind o' ground are we standing on? The divvil a bit o' concealment about it, by him I'm shure, and I wouldn't believe he had a hand in it, or wint nis nor near them pistols, if they were found in his very pockets; no, nor thin itself."

"But his daughter is a servant, and might be induced by her father, in some unreflecting moment, to take them! I mean 'tis possible—though I hope they both know better than to do so: at all events it would be an easy thing."

"Don't—don't your honor! don't say 'twas an aisy thing, for poor Mary is a threasure of a *colleen*, and 'tisn't her father would tache her to bethray the blessing her mother gave her on her dying bed, and she in the cowl'd grave."

"I think with you, Desmond; and we all know the ways of the wicked are dark and many, and that innocent people are often implicated by malicious men; but the government very reasonably looks at the suspicious circumstances and the probabilities, and these in the eye of the law, are clearly against him."

"Very thrue for you, Sir—too thrue, the Lord help us—but my life and my heart's blood for it, he's innocent."

"Well, I don't see what can be done. Perhaps he suspects some enemy?"

"Yah, who could have the stony heart to be Phil. Riley's inimy, Sir Nicholas?"

This conversation terminated with the baronet's expressing a determination to exert his utmost interest in behalf of the prisoner, Riley, and to sift all the circumstances of his case to the fullest and minutest inquiry.

In the foregoing summary of the events which were the hot-bed of many a tragic act, and many a foul conspiracy, an insight has been had into the facilities which such times afforded, of discharging with impunity the full vial of revenge on any devoted head, which poverty or any other similar crime, Catholicity for instance, exposed as a suitable mark, or private enmity might have devoted to destruction; and of such a character is the following chapter of incidents in the life of Mary Riley, the daughter of the prisoner, and the martyr of devoted attachment to her religious scruples and fidelity to filial affection.

SYRIAC BIBLE.

BY CAPTAIN DOUGLAS, U. S. M.

THE British and Foreign Bible Society has, perhaps, conferred no little benefit on the literary world by publishing the Holy Scriptures, or rather parts of them, in some of the languages of the east, thus enabling students to avail themselves of the use of their copies, where better could not be had. The preservation of civil society in its present state, and its advancement to greater perfection, demand that fields should be tilled, houses built, the arts cultivated, and knowledge acquired, by the best means that may come within our reach; and if, for the attainment of these objects, none but imperfect or rude instruments can be procured, it is better to employ them than none at all. The bibles of this society, are printed in the native languages of those people, among whom they are intended to circulate; and it would be incompatible with the principles of its organization, to render more easy the labor of missionaries, by accompanying any of these bibles with a Latin version. It would, perhaps, have furthered the ultimate object of their association, had they made an exception in favor of the biblical languages, and thus adopted the principle so rigidly adhered to, by the learned bishop of Chester.

The Latin Church, on the contrary, while giving its sanction to the publication of bibles in foreign languages, opposes not the accompaniment of the authorised Latin version; so that missionaries, while studying the scriptures in the language of their church, may, at the same time, be acquiring, perhaps gradually and imperceptibly, the language of the country which has become the field of their labors. Incredible as it may appear, it is obligatory on the Catho-

lic clergy to read the scriptures; and it may be owing to this circumstance, that they have acquired, among their opponents, the reputation of being well versed in sacred lore, and of wielding the weapons of controversy with a skilful hand. To establish this fact, I will step aside and quote a short passage from the *Manuale Ordinandorum*, printed at Clermont, in France. It is the third article of the duties of the priesthood, under the head of *Recte sancteque vivendi Regula*.

“*Lege quotannis Ritus et Rubricas, simul et Canones ac Statuta, quae ad te spectant, ut ea semper accurate valeas custodire: item praecipuos Theologiae, seu Moralis, seu Scholasticæ Tractatus, qui paulatim excidunt, nisi identidem horum refricetur memoria: praeterea novum Testamentum integrum; et Vetus saltem biennio, Divinas Scripturas, ait S. Hier. saepius lege; imo nunquam de manibus sacra lectio deponatur. Tenenti codicem somnus obrepat, et cadentem faciem pagina sancta suscipiat. O utinam, te e vivis sublato, sic tuum inscribi possit sepulcrum!*”

Te veniente die, te decedente legebat, Lex sacra; aeterno, lector, nunc lumine gaudet.

It appears by this extract, that the Catholic clergy are directed to read the Old Testament once in two years, and the New Testament yearly. The writer inculcates this duty with more than usual fervency;—quoting St. Jerome, and even travelling into the regions of poetry.

I know not how many versions of the Bible have been made into Syriac, nor how many are still extant; nor am I able to designate any but the Peschite, which it is said, belongs to

the second century. The copy before me is published in London; the Old Testament without a date; the New Testament dated ASKV. or 1836. The Old contains 705 quarto pages, measuring about six inches by seven and a half; the New contains 360 pages of the same dimensions, but occupies a greater proportion of space, being pointed with vowels. The title pages are in the Estrangelo character, and the text in the common Syriac.

The sections or paragraphs of the Old Testament, occur more frequently than in the Hebrew Bible, and are marked by four dots in the form of a diamond, but have no openings, nor do they begin a line. The text, therefore, presents one solid body of matter from the beginning to the end of a book; and in this respect, resembles the Greek and Latin copies, written prior to the time of Cardinal Hugo de S. Caro, who divided the Bible into chapters.

This Syriac version appears to have been made from some ancient Hebrew copy, which may have been more full and perfect than that which we have at the present day. Some alterations and additions may have been made by the translators, to render the sense more explicit; and some errors may have occurred by mistaking one letter for another. But it could not have been translated from the Septuagint, though, in some few instances, it may agree with that version. To confirm this position, I shall occasionally bring these two versions in view of each other.

In the second chapter of Genesis, the Hebrew words HBDLH VABN HSHM, are written in Syriac BROLHA VKAFA DBRVLA. If we suppose the Syrian translations to have mistaken or substituted r for d, which is often the case, they have merely transplanted the word BDLH into Syriac, conforming it to their own idiom; the olaf being only added, as os and us in Greek and Latin. Diodati has trans-

lated it *le perle*, the pearls. If by commercial intercourse, the word BRULA ever found its way into Italy, it might have been softened into the Italian PERLA. The Scriptuagint renders these words in the singular: O ANTRAX KAI O LITOS O PRASINOS, the carbuncle and the onyx stone. The Syriac words are each surmounted with two dots, designating the plural number; so that it would be rendered literally, pearls and stone of beryls.

The Hebrew words *gn idn* are literally rendered in Syriac *prdsaacdn*, garden of Eden, or garden of pleasure, *prds* being merely the Syriac word for garden. The Greek translators have in the first place, made Eden a proper name, Edem, and afterwards translated it in the third chapter, τῆς Τρυφῆς of pleasure. The word *prds* occur in the Hebrew Bible in the song of Solomon, where Diodati translates it garden. But the Syriac translators have made a distinction in this book, between the Hebrew words *perds* and *gn*; the one being translated *frdysa* and the other *gnth*. See the beginning of the fourth and fifth chapters. In the Greek canticles, *prds* is translated *paradeisos* and *kepos* is the Greek word for *gn*.

In the fourth chapter of Genesis, the original of the Greek words Δεῖλτομεν εἰς τὸ Πεδίον, let us come into the field, or of the Syriac *nrda lfaqlta*, let us go down to the plain, is not to be found in Hebrew. The words *andiamo a campo*, have been supplied in Italics by Diodati; otherwise he would have been obliged, in order to make sense of the passage, to give another meaning to the Hebrew word *vyamr*, which signifies "and said." This has been done by king James' translators, who have rendered it as if the original had been *vydbr* instead of *vyamr*.

In the fifth chapter of Genesis, the Syriac agrees with the Hebrew, in the birth of the patriarchs, whereas,

in the Septuagint, they are recorded as having been born a hundred years later; as for instance, Σέρ "Εξῆς δὲ Σέρ πέντε καὶ διακόσια ἔτεα καὶ ἐγένησε τὸν Ἑνός. Sometimes the Syriac alters the proper names, transposing the letters, or substituting one for another; as Aidor for Irad, and Arfaxar for Arfaxad. In the eighth chapter, Ararat is written *qrđv*, and *trvy*, mountains, is in the plural number; so that mount Ararat is here called the mountains of Koordoo. Sometimes, by mistaking the letters r and d, Edom is written for Aram or Syria. See 2 Sam. x.

In the beginning of the eleventh chapter of Genesis, the Hebrew *sfh*, lip, is in Syriac written *lsna*, tongue. In Hebrew *ahdym* is the plural of *ahd*, one, and *abrym* may be translated words, speeches. In Syriac it is in the singular number,—*mmlohd*, one speech. The Greek varies from both. Καὶ ἐν πᾶσι Χεῖλος ἐν καὶ φωνὴ μιά πάση, and all the earth was one lip, and one voice, to all. I would understand by this text, the existence of one language, universally known, and uniform in its pronunciation; and that if this primitive language was Hebrew, it had not yet branched into dialects, giving origin to the Syriac, the Arabic, the Ethiopic or the Amharic, not to mention the lesser variations which may have occurred in these languages in the lapse of many ages.

To the words, In thee shall be blessed all the families of the earth, the Syriac adds, *vbzrlk*, and in thy seed. There is a transposition in the speech of Abraham to Lot, If thou to the right, I to the left, &c., which does not affect the sense; but as it varies both from the Hebrew and the Greek, it may be adduced to prove, that the errors and deviations of the Syriac version are not always to be traced to that of the Seventy.

In the fourteenth chapter of Genesis, Tidal and Thedal is written Thar-

gal in the Greek, and *trkyl* in Syriac, the r being substituted for d. The vale of Siddim, in Hebrew *kmq hsdjm*, is in Syriac *kvmqa dsdvmya*, the latter word being marked as plural. The article h being prefixed to the word *edjm*, which is also in the plural number, it could not have been a proper name, unless that name had some appropriate signification. In the twelfth chapter of Job a similar word is translated robbers. But is translated Vallis Silvestris in the Vulgate, and Valley of Salt in the Septuagint; and I do not know that any translator has yet ventured to call it the valley of robbers. On the contrary, the Hebrew word *gvym*, which is translated nations, has no article prefixed to it, and need not have been translated, for most of the Hebrew proper names, admit of an interpretation.

There is a passage in the fifteenth chapter of Genesis which has not been uniformly translated. I am of opinion that the Seventy have made the nearest approach to the meaning of the original. Their version is,—δ δὲ Υἱὸς Μάσεκ οἰκογένητος μου οὗτος Δαμασκὸς Ἐλιξεν. In some versions *msq* is translated steward. In Hebrew the sentence seems to be unfinished:—"And the son of Mesek, of my house, he himself, Dammesek Eliezer." It is resumed in the next verse: "and behold a son of my house will inherit after me." This version of my own I offer as a mere conjecture as to the meaning of a text in the interpretation of which, almost all translators have been at fault. In the Syriac, the words *bn msk* are omitted, and *yrt ly*, added. So that the same expression, *shall be my heir*, occurs twice in the Syriac. Luther translates it, "and my steward, this Eliezer of Damascus, has a son." This is certainly not literal. The Syriac article d might have been added to the name of Mesek, to preserve the memory of his Syrian ex-

traction, and to distinguish him from others of his name. The Septuagint and Vulgate do not give Damascus as the name of a city, though such a city might have then existed. These versions have Damascus Eliezer, and not Eliezer of Damascus.

In the 21st chapter of Genesis, it is said in the Septuagint that Sarah saw the son of Agar, the Egyptian, playing with her son Isaac. The Syriac follows the Hebrew literally, and Sarah saw the son of Agar the Egyptian, which she bore unto Abraham, laughing.

In the same chapter, the Syriac word *aemyth*, elevated, raised, or lifted up, is given as the meaning of the Hebrew word *slh*. We learn from scripture that Ishmael was fourteen years old at the birth of Isaac, and Abraham one hundred. The expulsion of Ishmael did not take place till Isaac was weaned; and some have supposed that Ishmael might have been seventeen years old when this event took place. It seems improbable that his mother would have thrown or cast him down while he was in so weak a state, exhausted with fatigue and thirst. It should be recollected that Hagar continued her journey till her supply of water failed; and as we are not told that she carried Ishmael, who must have been at least fifteen years of age, it is reasonable to suppose that she sent him under the shade of a tree or shrub while he was yet able to walk. The Hebrew word *slh* properly signifies *to send*; at least it is more frequently used in that sense than in any other. The word *send* in our own language may sometimes convey the idea of throwing, hurling, or casting violently, but this does not deprive it of the native and original meaning. I am, therefore, of opinion, that the translators have not in this instance been successful in their attempt to improve the original text.

In the 22d chapter, the Hebrew

vyslh is translated into Greek, *kai exeteinen*, in Latin, *extenditque*, in Syriac *vavst*, and Abraham extended or put forth his hand. As the same Hebrew root is used in the text relative to Hagar and Ishmael, it might signify that she extended him on the ground in the position in which she expected him to breathe his last. In our language there is a wide latitude given to the word *send*, as well as in Hebrew to the root *slh*. We send an envoy to Europe or Asia, and we send an arrow from a bow, or a stone from a sling.

In Syriac, *varym* signifies "and lifted up," as, *varym Abrhm lynhis*, and Abraham lifted up his eyes; *varmyth lilya thyt hd mn syho*, and she lifted the boy under one of the bushes. In the Septuagint this is translated, *kai erripse to paidion opokato mias elates*, and she threw or cast the boy under a fir-tree.

In the same chapter, the Hebrew *nahz bsbk bqrnyv*, is in Syriac, *ahzd bsvkta bqrnth*, caught by a sabec by the horns. In the Septuagint it is, *κατελήμψεν ἐν φέτρῳ Σαβέκ τῶν Κεράτων*, which I suppose may be rendered, caught in a sabec plant by the horns. The Hebrew root *sbk* conveys the idea of perplexity or entanglement, but this does not prove that there was no plant in Arabic bearing that name. The version of the Septuagints was adopted by St. Chrysostom, as appears from the following passage in one of his discourses: "Vide insuper ovem duobus cornibus haerentem in planta quae appellatur sabec. Intuere et Christum Agnum illum Dei duabus manibus Cruci implexum et implicatum in Cruce. Planta Sabec, si interpreteris, remissio est, (dimisit enim a caede filium senis) crucem praesignificans, quae mundo peccata sua remisit, vitamque dedit. Aries in planta sabec pendens mysticè solum Isaac liberavit. At agnus Dei pendens in Cruce liberavit mundum a morte et ab inferis. Avulsus est Isaac a pueris

suis, tum cum montem moriturus peteret. Avulsus est et Christus a discipulis suis, cum ad necem pro nobis preferendam tenderet.

I doubt much whether Hebraists of modern days will concur with St. Chrisostom in his interpretation of the word *sabec*. It occurs in the 18th chapter of 2d Samuel, but it is there written with a *ship* and not with a *samec*, and is translated thick boughs; but in Syriac it is written with a *semkath*. In Arabic, *sbq* signifies preceding or excelling, and *skb* melting or pouring. Consequently the Arabic root can throw no light on the meaning of these words, which are, I believe, of rare occurrence in the Hebrew Bible.

In the 23d chapter of Genesis, the Syriac reads, *vqm abrhm vsqd lkm darka lbny hyt*; and Abraham worshipped or bowed to the people of the land, to the sons of Keth. In the Greek, it is, Ἀναστὰς δὲ Ἀβραάμ προσεκύνησε τῷ Λαῷ τῆς γῆς τοῖς βίοις Κετ. And Abraham standing up, saluted or bowed to the people of the land, to the sons of Keth. In Arabic, *fqam abrahym vsqd lskb alarx lbny hyt*; and Abraham arose and worshipped or bowed to the people of the land, to the sons of Keth. In Hebrew, *vyqm acrhm, vystha lkm harz blny ht*; and Abraham arose and worshipped or bowed to the people of the land, to the sons of Keyth. It is repeated in the same chapter—and Abraham worshipped before the people of the land. The same root, *shh* is to be found in the 137th Psalm,—I will worship towards thy holy temple. Adorabo ad templum sanctum tuum.

We are not to suppose that the English word *worship* always implies divine adoration, or that kneeling, bowing and prostration, are acts of eternal devotion exclusively addressed to the Deity; nor yet kissing the hand, which seems to have been the origin of the military sword salute. This latter mode of salutation is

alluded to in the 31st chapter of Job. There could be no greater or more expressive acts of humility, respect or reverence than those which I have just mentioned; and these were offered alike to gods and men. But when offered to men they were signs of human respect; when offered to the Deity they were acts of divine adoration. So the Greek word ἄγγελος signifies literally a messenger; but applied to a messenger from heaven, it signifies an angel or divine messenger.

Translators have availed themselves of the copiousness of their own language to give various meanings to the same word. Thus Diodati renders the passage before us, *Ed Abraham s'inchino al popolo del paese*; whereas in the first commandment he writes, *non adorare quelle cose*. In Hebrew the root *shh*, and in Syriac and Arabic the root *sgd*, are used in both these places.

The words *ydr shdta*, hillock of testimony, are given as the Syriac name of the heap erected as a memorial of the contract between Jacob and Laban. They are written *ygra dshdvt* in the Syriac Bible, showing that Laban spoke a language nearly allied to the Syrian. In the Septuagint the Chaldean name is translated ΒΟΥΝΟΣ τῆς Μαρτυρίας, and the Hebrew *bounos martus*. It is probable that in naming the monument, each adopted his own language, and that both names have the same meaning.

Before concluding this article, which some will consider to be already of sufficient length, I would direct the attention of the reader to the benediction of Reuben, in the thirty-third chapter of Deuteronomy. In Syriac, it is, *naha robyl vla nmvt, vnhva brunyna*. In the Septuagint it is, let him be many in number. Translators disagree with each other as to the meaning of the Hebrew word *mtyv*. Some render it his men or his people. In the Greek it is

translated Πολῶς, or many, and the Syriac omits it altogether. At the end of the 34th chapter of Genesis, the Hebrew words *mty mspr*, are translated, few in number. In a Basil edition of the Greek Bible, published in 1545, with a preface by Philip Melancthon, the text reads thus: Ζητὸ Ρουβεν, καὶ μὴ ἀποστεαντοῦτο, καὶ Σιμεὼν ἔστω πολλῶς ἐν ἀρμύρῳ let Reuben live and not die, and let Simeon be many in number: thus leaving it to be inferred that transcribers have omitted the benediction of Simeon, by mistake.

There occurs another difficult passage in the beginning of the thirteenth chapter of first Samuel. In Hebrew it is literally, "a son of a year Saul in his reign, and two years he reigned over Israel." In Syriac it is translated, *vkd snta hda vtrtyn amlk sval bmlkvth bl aysrayl*; and when one year and two reigned Saul in his reign over Israel. The Septuagint has omitted this altogether, so that the chapter begins at the second verse. The Gaelic translator seems to have believed that, instead of *bn snh* the Hebrew should read, *bn slsym snh*, a son of thirty years; and has rendered the passage thus: *Bha Saul deich bliadhna fichead a dh'aois an uair a thoisich e air risgach, agus risghaich e da bhliadhna os cionn Israel*. Saul was thirty years of age when he began to reign, and he reigned two years over Israel. According to scripture chronology, Saul reigned about forty years.

The divisions of the decalogue correspond with those of the Hebrew Bible, and, consequently, with those of the Catholics and Lutherans, as far as the ninth commandment; after which every object which we are forbidden to covet is distinguished by the section mark of four dots, :: as if each were a separate commandment.

At the end of the book of Job, the Greek version has an account of the family of that patriarch, said to be

translated from the Syriac Bible. This is not in the edition before me, and I do not know that it belongs to this version. The Bible Society would, of course, omit any thing in the shape of comment, ancient or modern. It is commonly understood that the Scriptures of the Old Testament were translated into Greek in the reign of Ptolmely Philadelphus. Did the Seventy translate all the sacred books, or only the pentateuch? And if the Greek version, which was in use before the Christian era, refers to the Syriac, at what time was this version made? It is not improbable that the Israelites dispersed through the Assyrian empire, should have provided themselves with copies of the Scriptures in the Aramaic language. If they could conscientiously read them in Greek, why not in Syriac, a language nearly allied to their own?

The books of the Old Testament are in the following order: the five books of Moses, Job, Joshua, Judges, First and Second Samuel, First and Second Kings, First and Second Chronicles, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Ruth, Canticles, Esther, Ezra, Nehemiah, Isaiah, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zachariah, Malachi, Jeremiah, Lamentations, Ezekiel, Daniel.

The New Testament is divided into lessons, or rather epistles and gospels, appointed for the feasts and fasts of the church, each lesson having its appropriate caption. When these begin a chapter, they are so marked; but they seem to have no reference to the chapters, which in like manner with the verses, are numbered in the margin. They are placed in a line by themselves, with a blank on each side. The text also being printed with vowels, the lines are more distant from each other. Unlike the Old Testament, which is without vowels, and is in other re-

spects condensed as much as possible. Even the captions, when they occur in the Old Testament, are embodied in the text; as, *ksra ptgmyn*, the ten words; and are only distinguished from the text, by having a section mark on each side.

I have thus endeavoured to bring the Syriac version of the Scriptures into notice, by selecting a few remarkable passages, chiefly from the book of Genesis. It may easily be perceived that this subject requires to

be treated more at large, and by some one better acquainted with the Syriac language; I am aware that by making this attempt, I have rendered myself liable to severe criticism; but as it may serve to awaken the attention of the biblical student, and as the learned seem to neglect this department of literature, I have ventured to lay this essay before the public, without asking the lenity of the critic, but rather desiring that he would expose its imperfections.

CATULLUS.

During the *villigatura* at Rome, which, with my companions in study, I was accustomed to spend at the villa Macao, I amused my leisure hours by translating into English some select pieces from Catullus. For many years these youthful productions have been lying by: and, perhaps, so little is their merit, it would be as well to leave them in their slumbers. But, with the hope of affording some fugitive amusement to the reader, among the grave and didactic compositions of this periodical, I venture to give them a place in its pages. The classical scholar, to whom the original is familiar, will not repudiate the feeble attempt of a boyish muse.

C. C. P.

HE DEDICATES HIS VOLUME TO CORNELIUS NEPOS.*

I.

On whom shall I, of all I know,
This small, unpolished book bestow?
On you, Cornelius, who could deem
My sportful trifles worth esteem:
When, first of the Italian race,
You dared on three small sheets to trace
The various features of each state:
A laboured work, by Jove! and great.
Take then, this volume, gay, tho' small:
'T will please thee, if 't will please at all,
And oh, Minerva!† may each page
Full long survive the present age!

* Cornelius Nepos, born at Hostilia, a town near Verona, was, consequently, a countryman of Catullus. He is highly esteemed for his writings, which are every where pregnant with purity of language, and correctness of sentiment. His style was peculiarly succinct and strong, for which reason, I think with those who say, that by the words *tribus chartis*, Catullus intended to praise him for the beautiful brevity of language, for which he is so justly admired: Scaliger believes that he meant to signify three volumes, so also do the Vossii.

† The Learned differ also about *PATRINA VIRGO*; I think the more probable opinion is, that he meant *MINERVA*, and, therefore, with due respect to the sentiments of others, I have thus translated it.

HE PRAISES THE BARK IN WHICH HE SAILED FROM BYTHINIA TO LAKE BENACUS.

II.

This little bark, my friends, you see,
Is said the swiftest bark to be :
No other bark that leaves the shores,
Whether it urge its little oars,
Or lift its canvass to the wind,
Can leave this little bark behind.
Of her the Adriatic coast,
And horrid Thracia can boast.
Her name the Islands Cyclades,
Her name the dangerous Pontic seas,
Her name th' extending waves that flow
From Hellespont to Bosphorus, know.
This little bark which now you see
Was once, my friends, a leafy tree :
And oft on the Cytorian rocks
Gave whispers from its leafy locks.
Pontian Amastris, e'en to thee
Well known this vessel used to be :
And Cytore, to thy boxy shore,
On whose high banks it stood of yore,
And, leaning downward, lov'd to lave
Its branches in thy chrystal wave.
And thence to many a foreign shore,
O'er harmless seas its owner bore :
Whether it spread its dexter wing,
Or left—as zephyr loved to sing—
Or whether both expanded flew
Before the prosperous gales that blew.
And not an offering did she make*
'Till gliding on this limpid lake.
Such was she once ; by fortune blest—
But now grown old, she lies at rest,
And dedicates herself to you,
O Castor, and your brother too !†

A FRAGMENT.

III.

When the beams of the evening have melted away,
They are soon to return more resplendent and gay :
But ah ! when the light of our transient life dies—
Farewell !—for again it is never to rise !†

* This expresses the facility with which she arrived in the lake Benacus ; for it never became necessary to offer any vow to the sea-god for prosperous weather, as the pagans were accustomed to do, when the winds were unfavorable, or the seas stormy.

† Pollux.

‡ The pagan was little aware of the bright hopes of the Christian beyond the grave, in a region where mortality will put on immortality—and what is now sown in corruption, will rise in glory !

SOIREES OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE COUNT DE MAISTRE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

"Though I am, as you have seen, intimately convinced," said the Count, "that the general sentiment of all men forms, to speak thus, truths of intuition, before which all sophisms disappear, still I believe, Senator, that, on the present question, we are not at all reduced to sentiment. For, in the first place, if you look closely to it, you will see the sophism without being able to clear it up. This proposition, *it rained yesterday*, is not more certain than that, *it will rain to-morrow*, beyond doubt, *if it must rain*. But this is precisely what is now under discussion—So that the question only begins again. In the second place, and this is the principle point, I do not see those immutable laws, and that inflexible chain of events of which so much is said. On the contrary, I see in nature but pliant resources, such as ought to be adopted as far as possible, to the action of free beings, who frequently combine on earth with the material laws of nature. See in how many ways, and to what a point our influence is felt in the reproduction of animals and plants. There may be something constituting a law of nature, according as man exists or does not exist. You speak, Chevalier, of a certain quantity of water which must fall in each country during the course of the year. As I have never given much attention to mythology, I know not what has been said on the subject; and yet, to speak the truth, it seems to me impossible to decide from experience, at least with even

an approximate certainty. However that may be, it can only refer to a common year; at what a distance shall we place the period? They may be distant, perhaps ten, perhaps a hundred years. But I will afford fair play to these reasoners. I will admit, that, every year, there must fall in every country, precisely the same quantity of water; this will be the invariable law. But, the distribution of this water will be, if I may thus speak, *the flexible part* of the law. Thus you see, that with your invariable laws, we may notwithstanding have inundations and dirths. *General rains* for the world—and rains of *exception*, for those who have prayed for them.* We will not pray that the olive may grow in Siberia, or the *Klukwa* in Province. But, that the olive may not be destroyed by the frost in the fields of Aix, as it happened in 1709, and that *Klukwa* may not suffer from the heat during your rapid summer. All the philosophers of our age are speaking about *invariable laws*. Their object is to persuade men not to pray—and this is the infallible means of arriving at that end. Hence the rage of the infidels when preachers or moral writers tell us that the material scourges of this world, such as Volcanos, Earthquakes, etc., are divine chas-

* Pluviam voluntariam segregabis, Deus, *hereditati tuæ*. (Ps. xlvii. 10.) This is precisely the *κεκριμένον ὕδρον* of Homer. (Iliad xiv. 19.)

tisements. They persist that it was absolutely necessary that Lisbon should be destroyed on the first of November 1755, as it was necessary that the sun should rise that very day. A specious theory indeed! and admirably adapted to the perfection of man. I remember that I was indignant on reading, one day, the sermon which Herder addresses in part to Voltaire, on the subject of his poem on this disaster of Lisbon: 'you dare,' he exclaims, 'complain of providence for the destruction of this city. You do not reflect, that it is a formal blasphemy against the *eternal wisdom*. Do you not know that man, as well as his beams and tiles is indebted to nothing; and that every thing now existing must pay that debt? The elements assemble, the elements dispense: this is the *necessary law of nature*. What, then, is there astonishing in it, or why complain of it?'

Is not this a beautiful consolation and well worthy the comedian, who taught the gospel in the pulpit, and pantheism in his writings? But philosophy knew no better. From Epictetus down to the *bishop of Weimar*, and even to the end of ages—philosophy will cant about the *invariable* and necessary laws of nature. It cannot discover the oil of consolation. It dries up, it hardens the heart, and then boasts of making men wise! Voltaire himself has replied to his critich in advance, in that same poem on the destruction of Lisbon:

"Bring not before my agitated heart
Those changeless laws of dire necessity.
That chain of bodies, spirits, and of
worlds:
Dreams of the learned, and chimeras
deep!
God holds the chain, and his hand is
not chained:
His gracious choice determines all
events:
And he is free, and just, and not implacable?"

So far, no one could express him-

self better: but sorry, it would appear, for having spoken reasonably, he immediately adds:

"Why suffer we beneath so just a master?
Behold the fatal knot which must be solved."

Here commence rash interrogatories? *Why do we suffer then, if God is just.* The catechism and common sense reply: BECAUSE WE DESERVE IT. Behold the *fatal knot untied*: and from this solution we cannot deviate without erring. In vain will the same Voltaire exclaim:

"Will you, beholding such a pile of victims,
Assert God is avenged—their crimes have caused it?
What crime, what fault have these poor infants done,
Who hung, all blood-stained on their mother's breast?"

Bad reasoning!—a want of attention and analysis. Undoubtedly there were infants at Lisbon, as there were at Herculaneum in the year seventy-nine; and at Lyons, a short time before; or if you choose, in the time of the deluge. When God punishes any society for the crimes they have committed, he acts justly, as we ourselves do in similar cases, without causing any complaint. A city revolts; massacres the representatives of its Sovereign; closes its gates, defends itself, is taken. The Prince dismantles it, and deprives it of all its privileges. No one will blame him, in consequence of the innocent within its walls.

Let us not treat two questions at once. *The city is punished in consequence of its crimes, and had it not been for them, it would not have been punished.* One proposition true and independent from any other. Do you ask me then *why the innocent have been enveloped in the same punish-*

ment? This is another question, to which I am not obliged to give an answer. I might acknowledge that I do not understand any thing about it, without altering the evidence of the first proposition. I may likewise answer that it would be impossible for the Sovereign to act in any other manner; and I should not want good reasons to prove it.

"Permit me to ask you," said the Chevalier, "what could prevent this good King from taking under his protection the inhabitants of that city who had remained faithful to him, and transport them into some more happy province, where they might enjoy, I do not say the same privileges, but privileges, still greater, and more worthy of their fidelity?"

"That is precisely what God does," returned the Count; "when the innocent perish in a general catastrophe. But let us return. I flatter myself that Voltaire had not more pity for those unfortunate children *hanging all blood-stained on their mothers' breasts*, than we have. But, it is a delirium to cite him in contradiction to the preacher who exclaims: *God is avenged; these evils are the price of our crimes*: for nothing is more true in general. It becomes us only to explain why the innocent are comprised in the punishment inflicted on the guilty, but as I have just said, it is but an objection; and did we make all truth fall beneath difficulties, there would be an end of philosophy. I doubt, moreover, whether Voltaire, who wrote so fast, ever reflected, that instead of treating a particular question relatively to the event which he commemorates, he treats a general one, and asks, without perceiving it, *why children who could neither merit nor demerit, are subject, all over the world, to the same calamities which may befall adults*? For if it is decided that a certain number of children should perish, I do not see what difference it makes to

them, whether they die one way or another. If a poinard pierces the heart of a man, or a little blood accumulate in his brain, he must die alike. But, in the first case we say, he died a *violent death*. For God, however, there is no violent death.

"We must ascend still higher, and ask, *in virtue of what cause has it become necessary that a certain number of children die before birth: that more than one half of those who are born, die before the age of two years: and that thousands of others die before they attain the use of reason*: all these interrogatories made in a spirit of pride and contention, are worthy of *Matthew Garo*; but if they are proposed with respectful curiosity, they may exercise our minds without danger. Plato treated them. For, I remember, that in his work on the Republic he brings on the scene, I cannot exactly say how, a certain Levantinus, an Armenian, if I mistake not, who relates many things concerning the punishment of the future life, eternal or temporary. For he distinguishes them with great exactitude. But with regard to children who die before the use of reason, Plato says: *with regard to their condition in the other life, that stranger related things which should not be repeated*.

"Why then are these children born? why do they die? What will become of them, one day? These are mysteries which perhaps are unfathomable. But we must be deprived of common sense to argue from what we do not understand to what we do, and well understand.

"Would you see another sophism on the same subject? Voltaire will again offer it, in the same work:

"Had Lisbon, which no longer is, more vices,
Than London had, or Paris plunged in pleasure;
Lisbon is ruined—and they dance in Paris!"

Good God! did this man wish that the all-powerful had changed the site of every great city into a place of execution? or did he wish that God should never punish, because he does not punish always, everywhere, and at the same moment!

"Had Voltaire then received the divine scales to weigh the crimes of kings and individuals, and to assign them the precise instant of their punishments! and what would he have said—rash man!—if at the moment he was penning those silly lines, in the midst of that City *plunged in pleasure*, he could have seen in the twinkling of an eye, the unrevealed future—the committee of public safety, the revolutionary tribunal, and the long pages of the *Moniteur* all stained with human blood!

"Pity, indeed is one of the noblest sentiments of humanity, and we must be careful not to extinguish, or weaken it in the heart. Still, when we treat of philosophical subjects, we must cautiously avoid every appearance of poetry—and see in things, nothing but things. Voltaire, in the poem just cited, shews us *a hundred thousand wretched beings whom the earth devours*: but why *a hundred thousand*? He might have told the truth without injuring his verse—for, in effect there perished but twenty thousand, much fewer than in some great battles which I could mention. Then we must consider that, in these great calamities, a number of circumstances are viewed only by the material sight. If, for instance, an unfortunate infant is *crushed under a stone*, this is a frightful spectacle for the sight; but, for him, it is infinitely better than to have died of small-pox, or teething. If three or four thousand men perish at once, and by a single stroke—in an earthquake or inundation—to reason, it is one and the same thing: but to the imagination, the difference is enormous. In such a manner that it may very easily

happen, that these terrible events which we rank among the greatest scourges of the universe, are nothing in fact, I do not say for humanity merely, but even for a single country. You may here see a new example of those laws pliant and immoveable, at the same time, which govern the world. Let us regard it if you choose as a determined point, that in a given time, so many men in such a country must die. This is invariable. But the distribution of life among individuals, as well as the time and place of deaths, form what I have styled the flexible part of the law. So that an entire city may be destroyed, and mortality may not be augmented. The scourge may be doubly just, on the part of the guilty, who have been justly punished, and of the innocent, who have received as a compensation a happier and a longer life. The all-powerful wisdom which governs every thing, has so many resources, so varied and so admirable, that the side which is visible to our eyes, should teach us to revere the other. Some years ago, I was cognizant of the mortuary register, made with great attention and exactness, in a very small province. I was not a little surprised to learn, by the result of these registers, that two furious epidemics had not augmented mortality from the year they raged. So true it is, that that hidden force which we call *nature*, has resources of compensation, of which there can be no doubt."

"A sacred adage says, *that pride is the beginning of all our crimes*,"* remarked the Senator, "and perhaps we might add, *of all our errors*. It leads us astray by inspiring us with an unhappy mania of contention which causes us to seek for difficulties for the pleasure of contesting, instead of submitting to a proved principle. But I am much mistaken if these disputers themselves do not

* Eccles, x. 15.

feel within their own breasts, that it is very vain. How many disputes would cease, were men forced to say what they think?"

"I am of your opinion," returned the Count: "but before proceeding further, permit me to bring to your observation a particular character of Christianity which presents itself to me, in relation to the calamities which we are now speaking of. If Christianity was a human institution, its doctrines would vary with human opinions: but coming from an immutable being, it is, like its author, immutable. Certainly, that religion which is the mother of all good and true knowledge, which exists in the world, and whose greatest desire is the advancement of that knowledge, is careful not to interdict us from it, or retard its progress! She approves of our investigating, for instance, all the physical agencies which act in the great convulsions of nature. As for herself, being in strict relation with her Sovereign, she does not trouble herself about the ministers who execute his orders. She knows that she is made to pray and not to dissert—since she knows all that she ought to know. Whether, therefore, she is praised or ridiculed, blamed or admired, she remains impassible: and, on the ruins of a city destroyed by an earthquake, she cries out, in the nineteenth century, as she did in the twelfth:

We beseech thee, O Lord, to deign to protect us. Strengthen, by thy supreme grace, this earth shaken by our iniquities, in order that the hearts of men may know that it is thy wrath which sendeth chastisements, as it is thy mercy which delivereth us from them.

There are not here, as you see any invariable laws. Nor is it for the legislator to know, in setting aside every discussion on the truth of creeds, whether a nation does not gain more by entering into these sen-

timents, than by giving itself up exclusively to the investigation of physical causes, to which, however, I am far from acceding a very great merit of the second order."

"I approve of your Church," said the Senator, "which, claiming the right to teach the whole world, will not be taught by any one. And, doubtless, she must be endowed with great self-confidence, as opinion can have no influence over her. In your character as Latin——

"Why call me *Latin*?"—interrupted the Count: "know, Senator, that in religion, I am likewise *Greek*, as you are."

"No jesting now, Count," returned the Senator.

"I do not jest," continued the Count: "I am in earnest. Was not the symbol of the apostles, written in Greek before it was translated into Latin? Does not the *Greek* symbols of Nice and Constantinople, and that of Athanasius contain my faith; should I not die in defence of this truth? I hope I am of the religion of St. Paul and St. Luke, which was Greek. I belong to the religion of Ignatius, Justin, Athanasius, Gregory of Nyssa, Cyril, Basil, Gregory of Naizanum, Epiphanius, and of all the Saints who are on your altars, and whose names you bear, and especially St. Chrysostom, whose liturgy you have retained. I admit all that those great personages admitted; I respect what they respected. I moreover, receive, as I do the Scriptures, all the Œcumenical Councils held in Greece, Asiatic and European. I ask you whether it is possible to be more of a Greek."

"What you say, brings an idea to my mind, which I think very just"—observed the Senator: "If there should ever be a question of a treaty of peace between us, we might propose the *statu quo ante bellum*."

"I would sign it on the spot," rejoined the Count—"and even with-

out being instructed, *sub spe rati*. But what were you about saying, touching my quality as *Latin*?"

"I was going to say, that as *Latin*, you always recur to authority," answered the Senator. "I am often amused to see you *sleeping on this ear*. However, even if I were a protestant, we should not dispute on the subject to-day. I deem it quite just, and, if you will, quite philosophical, to establish as a national dogma, that *every scourge comes from heaven*. And what society has ever denied it? What nation, ancient or modern, civilized or barbarous, in all possible systems of religion, has not regarded those calamities as the work of a superior power, which it was possible to appease? I, however, applaud the Chevalier, for never having laughed at his *Curé*, when that worthy man ordered the payment of his tythes, *on pain of hail or thunder*: for, no one can say that such a calamity is the consequence of such a fault, especially, if trivial, yet we may, and can in general be assured, that every physical calamity is a punishment: and that thus, what we call the *scourges of heaven*, are necessarily the consequence of some great national crime, or of an accumulation of individual crimes. In such a manner, that each of these scourges might have been prevented, first, by a better life, and secondly by prayer. We will, then, let the Sophists talk about their *eternal and unchangeable laws*, which exist only in the imagination, and which tend to nothing less than the extinction of all morality, and the absolute brutalization of the human race.*"

There must be electricity, you observed, Chevalier; therefore there

* Not only labors and precautions, but prayers, too, are necessary: God, having had in view these prayers before regulating things. And, not only they who contend under the vain pretence of the necessity of events, that all

must be thunder and lightening, as there must be dew—you might likewise add, as there must be wolves, tigers, serpents, &c. Upon this I cannot decide. Man, being in a state of degradation, as visible as it is deplorable, I am not prepared to say what being or what phenomenon are necessary to this state of existence. In England they do without wolves; why can they not elsewhere. I am at a loss to pronounce whether the tiger is necessarily what he is, or whether it is necessary there should be tigers. Who can forget the divine prerogative of man? *That wherever his species is established in sufficient numbers, the animals with which he is surrounded, should serve him, amuse him, or disappear*. But quitting the foolish hypothesis of optimism, *let us suppose* that the tiger ought to exist, and be what he is, we will conclude, *therefore, is it necessary that one of these animals must, this day, enter into a certain habitation, and destroy ten persons?* It is necessary that the earth should contain different substances, which, on some occasions, may burst into flame or vapour and produce an earthquake—will we argue *therefore, it was necessary, that on the first of November 1755, Lisbon should perish by one of these catastrophes? the explosion could not have taken place elsewhere; in a desert, for instance, or in the basin of the sea, or a hundred yards from the city. The inhabitants could not have been admonished by slight preliminary symptoms, and save themselves from the ruins?* All human reasoning not founded on sophistry, must revolt from such consequences.

"I undoubtedly believe," said the Count, "that good universal sense is

care! which affairs demand may be neglected, but they likewise, who reason against prayer, fall into, what the ancients termed, the *idle sophism*. (Liebnitz. Theod., Tom. ii. in 8 vo. p. 416.)

right, when it adheres to the etymology of which itself is the author. *Scourges* are destined to *strike* us, and we are *struck*, because we deserve it. We might not have deserved it, and even after deserving it, we may find many. This it is seems to me the result of all that can be sensibly said on the subject; and this is one of those numerous cases, where philosophy, after long and wearisome searches, returns to repose in the universal belief. You perceive, then, Chevalier, how opposed I am to your comparison of *nights and days*. The course of the stars is not an evil: on the contrary, it is a constant rule, and a blessing belonging to all human kind. But how can evil, which is but a chastisement, be necessary? Innocence could prevent it; prayer can ward it off. To this great principal I return. Remark, on this subject, a strange sophism of impiety, or if you choose, of ignorance. For I ask nothing better than to see the latter in the place of the former. Because Omnipotent goodness knows how to make use of one evil to exterminate another, it is believed that evil is an integral portion of all. Let us remember what wise antiquity has said on the subject. *That Mercury, (which is reason,) has the power to tear out the nerves of Typhon to make chords for his divine lyre.** But if

* This allegory is Egyptian. (Plat-de Is. et. Os. liii. liv.)

Typhon did not exist, this power would be useless. Our prayers being, therefore, but an effort of an intelligent being against the action of *Typhon*, their usefulness and necessity stand philosophically demonstrated."

"The word *Typhon*," remarked the Senator, "which was in antiquity, an emblem of all evil, and especially, of every temporal scourge, brings to my mind an idea, on which I have often reflected, and which I will divide with you. But, I beg you to excuse my metaphysics to-day, as I must go to the great fire works which are this evening to be exhibited on the road to Peterhoff, a representation of an eruption of *Visuvius*. This is a *Typhonian* spectacle, as you see, but perfectly innocent."

"I would not answer for it," added the Count, "as far as the numberless birds which flutter through the neighboring woods are concerned; nor even some rash being of our own race, who might easily leave his life or some of his members behind, crying out, meanwhile *Niebosse!** I know not how it happens that men never meet in great crowds, but to expose their lives. Go, however, my dear friend, and do not fail to return to-morrow with your head full of *volcanic* ideas."

† *Fear not*--an expression familiar to the Russians the most hardy and daring of all nations.

HYMNS OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

It has occurred to me to render into English verse, for the edification of our lay readers, the hymns of the Roman Breviary. Accordingly I have commenced with

the hymn for the apostles, as found in the *Commune Apostolorum*. It is my intention to furnish one, or more, for each number of the Expositor.

HYMN FOR THE APOSTLES.*

I.

With joy let all the world exult,
Let heaven the song of triumph raise :
Let earth and sky their voices blend
To sing the Apostles' praise.

II.

Ye Judges of the tribes of men,
True lights of this dark world below,
To you the suppliant heart breathes forth
Its mingled prayer and vow.

III.

Ye, who have power to open wide
And close again the gates of heaven,
Grant, that, from every guilt set free,
Our souls may be forgiven.

IV.

Ye, whose command forthwith imparts
New health, and chases far disease,
Oh ! heal, we pray, our languid minds,
Our virtues, too, increase.

V.

That, when the Judge supreme shall come—
CHRIST JESUS—at the end of years,
Of endless glory he may deign
To make us happy heirs.

VI.

To God the Father and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, unto thee,
Be glory,—as it ere has been—
Through all eternity.

THE PROTESTANT DOCTRINE COMPARED WITH THE
SCRIPTURES.—AN ESSAY.

BY THE VERY REV. FELIX VARELA, D. D.

It is the common crying out of Protestants, that Catholics have abandoned the Scriptures; and that they, on the contrary, follow the sacred word in the purest and strictest manner. Thus have they fascinated a great many, who, incapable of judging for themselves, and unaware of being ruled by an authority of the

most pernicious character, embrace the dictates, and even the fancies of men, while they really think they are guided by the divine doctrine. As to the calumny of our disregard for the Holy Scriptures, it is not my object to meet it in the present Essay, but only as far as the deviation of the Protestant doctrine from the Holy writings, will prove our conformity with them—I therefore, will confine

* At Vespers.

myself to show that the Protestant doctrine, is not according to the Scriptures.

The reader will easily perceive, that the protestant doctrine being so much divided, that we may say, that every sect, has its own system of Christianity, and its own Bible; it would be very tedious, and almost impossible, to compare them in detail, or one by one, with the written word of God. Consequently, it would be expedient to consider the different doctrines taught by Protestants, whether all are taught by one sect or by many sects, because all of them are the fruits of the branchy tree of Protestantism.

As a preliminary to this investigation, I will derive a natural conclusion from a fact, admitted by all parties, and of such a character that it proves at once the proposition which I intended to demonstrate. The Protestant sects are the offsprings of *disagreement*, and they being formed, and followed by men of sense and learning, their difference cannot be merely upon points of no importance, for it would be very ridiculous, to say the least, to form a religious sect, and to establish serious and dangerous controversies upon such ones. Hence their doctrines are not all of them according to the Scriptures. Therefore, at the very first step in our investigation, we find evidently demonstrated, that some of the Protestant doctrines are not according to the Scriptures. There is now an *unknown* point or *incognita* to investigate, namely—are some other Protestant doctrines according to the Scriptures?—To clear up this point, in a satisfactory manner to our adversaries, I will take their own fundamental principle for a guide. viz., Christian doctrine must be *evidently* expressed in the Scriptures, or evi-

dently deduced from them. Now the nature of *evidence* is such, according to all logicians, that no intellect can reject it, unless, in consequence of a lamentable fascination next to madness; which is *morally* impossible in so many thousands and millions of Protestants. Hence their doctrines are neither evidently expressed, nor evidently deduced from the Scriptures. But no doctrine can be put down as Scriptural, but by the application of the principle which rules Protestantism. Hence, no Protestant doctrine can be considered as evidently Scriptural. Let it be noticed, that when I speak of Protestant doctrines, I allude to those which are properly *such*; and not to those which we also believe with them, which are evidently expressed in the Scriptures, but they cannot be called Protestant doctrines.

Although the above demonstration is enough to convince any impartial reader of the truth of our assertion, namely, that Protestants have deviated from the Scriptures, I will enter into some points in particular, in order to satisfy those, who, guided by their prejudice against us, will still believe that our former reasoning is nothing but an effort to fascinate. I will present the text of the Scripture, and annexed to them the doctrines of Protestants, so that the reader may judge, with proper knowledge, of the cause. In order to avoid any suspicion, or rather, any unpleasant feeling or prejudice, I will not make use of the Catholic Bible, but, I will copy word for word, from the Protestant Bible, and as to the doctrines of Protestants, I will follow their authors, particularly the famous among them, Francis Budd, in his work entitled "*Institutiones Theologiae Moralis.*"

Scriptures.

"Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by Prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery." 1st Epist. to Timothy, Chap. iv. v. 16.

Stir up the gift of God, which is in thee, by the putting on of my hands. 2. Ep. to Tim. c. i. v. 6.

"Is any sick among you? let him call the Elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayers of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."

"What, therefore, God has joined together, let no man put asunder. Math. C. xix. Verse vi.

I will give unto thee, (Peter,) the keys of the kingdom of Heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind *on earth*, shall be bound in Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose *on earth*, shall be loosed in Heaven.

Take and eat, THIS IS MY BODY.

Therefore brethren, stand fast and hold the traditions which ye have been taught, whether *by word* or by epistle. (2 Thesal. c. 2. v. 14.)

As also in all his, (that is Paul's) epistles, speaking in them of these things, in which are some things *hard to be understood*, which they that are unlearned and unstable, wrest as they do also, the other Scriptures unto their own destruction. (2 Peter, ci. 3, v. 16.)

The Church of the living God, the pillar and the ground of the truth. (2 Timothy, 3, 15.)

The gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. Math. 16, 18.

I am with you (the Apostles) always, even unto the consummation of the world. Math. 28, v. 20.

Ye see then, that by works a man

Protestant Doctrine.

"Ordination is not a Sacrament, consequently, gives no grace, and no particular gift or spiritual character, but it is a mere appointment, and reception of an individual by the Church as a minister."

"It is a Romish superstition to annoint the sick, and much more, to expect them to be cured by such anointing."

Marriage is broken up, not only by adultery, but also by other causes equivalent to it, as a *scandalous abandonment*. Some will even consider it destroyed by mutual consent, and some went so far as to sell their wives, and no Protestant Church ever came out against it.

No man has any power to forgive sins on earth, neither has any man on earth, the power of binding any of his fellow men before God. Peter was no more than any other man as to the forgiveness of sins.

The Eucharist, is not the real body of the Lord.

We shall not be guided by traditions as the Romanists.

The Scriptures are plain, and in need of no comment.

The Church is not infallible.

A man is justified only by faith.

is justified, and not by faith only. Sam. 2, v. 24.

Who can say I have made my heart clean, I am pure from my sin. (Prov. 20, v. 9.)

Though I were perfect, yet would I not know my soul. (Job 9, v. 20.)

Who can understand his errors, cleanse me from secret faults. Ps. 19, v. 12.

But I keep under my body, and and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away. Paul 1, Cor. 9, v. 27.

Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed, lest he fall. (Cor. 10, v. 12.)

Enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified. Ps. 143, v. 2.

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. 1 Ep. of St. John, c. i. v. 9.

For a just *man* falleth seven times and riseth up again, but the wicked shall fall into mischief. (Prov. 24, v. 16.)

For *there* is not a just man upon earth, that does good, and sinneth not. Eccles. c. 7, v. 20,

If they sin against thee, (for there is no man that sinneth not,) and thou be angry with them &c. (1 Kings, chap. 8, v. 46.)

For in many things we offend all. Jam. c. 3, v. 2.

Whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of judgment, and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, thou fool, shall be in danger of hell-fire. Math. c. 5, v. 22.

There shall be no *reward* for the wicked man. Prov. 24, v. 20.

Hence there is is a *reward* for the just man.

In keeping them (the judgments

A man regenerated, certainly knows and is sure, that he is pure, and has obtained an inadmissible justification, by which he can never be a cast-away.

Every sin is *mortal*, and there are no *venial* sins.

☞ According to this doctrine, the just man would commit many mortal sins, and still remain just!! Moreover, as every man commits sins, and very few, or none, will die without them, very few or none, will go to Heaven. As to the last text, if every sin is mortal, every one deserves hell-fire, and therefore, whosoever is angry with his brother without cause, and whosoever will say to him Raca, will be in danger of hell-fire, as well as he who shall say, Thou fool. This would destroy the whole text. Hence the Protestant doctrine is inconsistent with it.

The doctrine of the merit of good works is inconsistent with the Scriptures, and it is nothing but a Romish corruption. Man is saved by faith alone, without any regard to his

of the Lord) there is a great reward. Ps. 19, v. 11.

If ye love them which love you, what *reward* have ye. Mat. c. 5, v. 46.

When thou dost *thine* alms do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do. Verily, I say to you, they have their *reward*.

But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand does.

That *thine* alms may be secret, and thy father which seeth in secret, himself shall *reward* thee openly. Math. C. vi. v. 2, 3, 4.

☞ We read the same as to the fast in the 18th, v.

Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water in the name of the disciples, verily, I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his *reward*. Math. 10, v. 22.

Love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again, and your *reward* shall be great. Luke vi. v. 25.

Now, he that planteth, and he that watereth are one, and every man shall receive his own *reward* according to his own labor. 1, Cor. c. 3, v. 8.

If any man's works abide, which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a *reward*. 1 Cor. c. 3, v. 14.

If I do things willingly, I have a *reward*, but if, against my will, a *dispensation of the Gospel* is committed unto me. What is then my reward? 1 Cor. c. 9, v. 17-18.

Thou should'st give *reward* unto thy servants, the Prophets and to the Saints, and them that fear thy name, small and great. Apoc. c. ii. v. 18.

And behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his works shall be. Ap. c. 22, v. 12.

Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord, from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from

works. Those who are to be saved, their works will never prevent them from entering Heaven, so that the Great Father of the Reformation explained this sublime thought, by an enumeration of actions, that certainly are criminal, if committed by those who are not *elect*, but that in his opinion, will never be crimes, when done by the pre-destined to Heaven. Only believe firmly, without the least hesitation, and you shall be saved. But if, unfortunately, you are not *elect*, whatever work you may perform is a sin before God, who will accept nothing from you, so that your prayers and good works are real offences to the Divinity.

Some Protostants, deviating from the sentiments of their father Luther and several others of their leaders, will not go so far in condemning every work of those who are not in number of the *elect*, but they still believe that the good works are not meritorious, that is to say, that they are not the object of divine mercy, and do not incline God to reward a man, nay, the word reward cannot be properly admitted, speaking of the salvation of man.

The Romanists have invented this doctrine of the merit of good works, in order to flatter the ignorant, and to make them believe that they can purchase Heaven. By these means, they impose upon the people several precepts as to fasting and several other mortifications.

Avarice is the guide of the Church of Rome, and therefore it turns all these unscriptural doctrines into its own pecuniary profit, without consulting the Holy Scriptures, which the papists detest, only because the divine word is inconsistent with their crimes and errors.

labors, AND their works do follow them. Apoc. c. 14, v. 13.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in Heaven. Math. c. v. v. 12, -13.

He that have received the five talents, came and brought other five talents, saying—Lord thou deliverest unto me five talents : behold, I have gained besides them, five talents more. His Lord said unto him, Well done *thou* good and faithful servant : thou has been faithful over few things, I will make thee the ruler over many things : enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. Mathew c. 25. v. 20.

Come, ye blessed of my fathers, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

For I was hungered, and ye gave me meat ; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink ; I was a stranger, and ye took me in.

Naked, and ye clothed me ; I was sick and ye visited me ; I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Mathew xxv. v. 34, 35, 36.

To him that soweth righteousness, shall be a sure reward. Prov. c. 11, v. 18.

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. 11 Cor. c. iv. v. 17.

Who will render unto every man according to his deeds.

To them who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory and honor and immortality and eternal life. Rom. c. 11, v. 6, 7.

I have fought a good fight ; I have finished my course ; I have kept the faith.

Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also, that love his appearing. 11 Tim. c. iv. v. 7, 8.

The above, I think, is enough to prove that the Protestant doctrines are nothing but real deviations from the Holy Scriptures, which they always pretend to follow. I would point out many other texts, had I not in view to confine myself to the Protestant Bible ; and therefore, to the books they admit as canonical. Even in the texts which I have transcribed, I have passed unnoticed, some alterations made by Protestants, few of which, I now point out ; and let this observation be considered as an addition to my Essay, on the five Bibles sold by the American Bible Society. In the text from the Revelation c, 14. v. 13, the English Bible says, "AND their works do follow them," while in the Spanish and the Portuguese, sold by the Society, we read "FOR their works follow them." They substitute AND in the place of FOR, in order to avoid the proof which Catholics take from the text in favor of the merit of good works, and Protestants have done as to this text, the same as they have done as to the text which proves the Priesthood, and the sacrifice, namely : that Melchisedec offered bread and wine *because* he was the Priest of the Most High, and the Protestant Bible says : "*and* he was the Priest of the Most High," as I observed in my Essay, above mentioned. But their efforts are unsuccessful in both cases. I have already proved it as to the one, and I shall now prove it as to the other. Indeed, the works of the just man would not follow him after his death for no purpose, and the Scriptures would not mention this circumstance without some great object. But what can it be, if it be not that the just man would receive the reward for his good works ; Protestants, indeed, have advanced nothing by making such alterations in their Bible, for whatever sense they may give to the text, will come to prove our doctrine.

In the text of Ecclesiastes, "a just man will fall seven times in the day, they have left out the last words *in the day*, as if this would make the text less suitable to prove the existence of venial sins, but really such alteration does not serve them in the least, because it is enough that man would commit many mortal sins to lose the character of a *just* man, although he would not commit them in the same day. But in regard to the generous Bible Society, it gives to the Spaniards and Portuguese the text with the words *in the day*, so that we have no reason to complain against it, and those who do not like such words in their Bible, may buy, in the same office, an English or French Bible.

I am aware that Protestants quote some texts in favor of their doctrine, but are these texts so plain and evident as those above quoted? Should Protestants answer that they are, the conclusion would be, that the Scriptures plainly and evidently contradicted themselves, and if such texts are not so plain and evident, as those we quoted, they prove nothing. Moreover, if both sides of the texts are equally evident, there is no reason why those we quote, should be explained according to meaning of the others, and, on the contrary, the texts quoted by Protestants, should not be explained according to those we have above presented. But the Scriptures cannot contradict themselves, and therefore, the texts quoted by Protestants, cannot be plain and evident, as long as those we quote are such. Consequently, their doctrine cannot be plain and evidently Scriptural. But according to their own principle, no doctrine should be admitted which is not plainly and evidently Scriptural; hence according to their own principle, their own doctrine should not be admitted.

There are some points upon which Protestants have put aside the Scrip-

tures entirely without bringing forth any text to rely upon in opposition to those we present. Such is what they have done as to the sacrament of Extreme Unction. They cannot deny the text of St. James, they bring forward no other to explain it, and they absolutely neglect to fulfill the ordinance contained in it, without any more authority than their own reasoning, or rather their own will. Thus they break through their own principle of not admitting any doctrine which is not evidently contained in the Scriptures, for surely the text of St. James does not evidently contain that it should not be observed. Protestants do not admit Extreme Unction as a Sacrament; we should ask them why, and their answer will never be a satisfactory one. Let us, however, overlook this *unscriptural* denial, but we hope that they will grant, at least, that the text has some meaning, and direct us to do something—Why is this omitted? What Scripture is there for such omission? What is still more inconsistent, why the fulfillment of said text should be called Romish superstition?

The doctrine that every sin is mortal, can neither be proved by any text of the Scriptures, for those generally quoted by Protestants, are very far from proving it; and they, themselves, do not consider such texts as convincing proof. I do repeat, that Protestants themselves will not believe it; because they, (at least, many of them,) believe that God will not *impute* some sins; and therefore, they are pardoned. But I should ask them, where is that in the Scriptures? No where—and if every sin is *imputed*, why are some easily pardoned, and some not, if every one is mortal? That Protestants also believe as we do, that some sins are more easily pardoned than others, can be inferred from the hope they entertain of the salvation of those who committed some smaller faults, and the fear for

those who were great sinners. Several Protestants go so far as to teach, that death-bed repentance is of no use, but none of them ever applied this doctrine to those who had lived holy lives; but had, however, committed some small faults. Nothing can be so *unscriptural* as this horrible doctrine, which deprives a man of every hope of pardon, from a merciful God; who punishes his obstinate enemies, but receives, at any moment, his repenting children.

Protestants blame the Catholics for fasting, at least, as a meritorious work; and they certainly have no text of the Scriptures, which can give any other meaning to the evident texts we have already brought forward, to prove that there is a real merit in fasting; and strange it is that in their conduct, they evince that they entertain our doctrine, although, in their books and conversations, they deny it. They have their fasting days, and the Presbyterian more strictly (of late at least,) than any others, and such days, are precisely on some particular part of the year, and some particular occasions. Why do they fast? Certainly, to implore divine mercy, to obtain grace, to avoid their sins, and pardon for those which they have committed; and this they do on certain times, on which they thing it their duty to apply to God. In a word, they intended to please the Lord by fasting, and by this means, to obtain his blessing. Is not this the Catholic doctrine? Therefore we may conclude, that the Protestant *written and preached* doctrine, is a real deviation from the Scriptures, and consequently from the Catholic doctrine; but the Protestant, *really believed and practised* doctrine, is altogether in conformity with ours.

I cannot close this Essay, without making some observations as to the Protestant religious practices; which I consider, totally at variance with

the Scriptures. They have no veneration for their temples, while the Scriptures often inculcate the profound respect, fear and humility, which man ought to possess, entering the house of God. They have no altar, while the Scriptures in the Old, as well as the New Testament speak of one, and call the faithful to it; and this scandalous omission comes from an intimate persuasion that they have no sacrifice, and nothing to receive from the altar, which name they know very well, that it cannot be applied to their pulpits, and reading desks, or benches. Indeed, altar means *alta ara*, or an elevated place to sacrifice upon. They oppose (except the Episcopalians) written prayers, while we have many in the Scriptures, and Christ himself, taught one to his Apostles, and ordered them to use it. Therefore, the Protestant practice, far, from having any Scripture in its favor, is against, or at least finds fault with the instruction given by our Lord. They laugh at our practice of kneeling down and prostrating in the Church, while they read in their own Bible, that our Lord in the garden of Gethsemane *fell on his face and prayed, saying, &c.* Matthew, 25, v. 39. In a word the whole system of Protestant worship shows, that it is really *Protestant*, that is, a protest of human pride against Christian humility. Let them not boast any longer of their *pretended* Scriptural doctrines and practices."

Death-bed saying of Sir Isaac Newton.—"I do not know," said the great philosopher, a little before his death, "what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to be only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

ISADORE.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

I knew her in her childhood's time, when blessings round her clung,
And her baptismal innocence, a halo o'er her flung,
Ere the wild world's deep traitor, sin, had drawn her in its guile,
And Heaven had lent a glory down, to dwell within her smile.
Oh, she was fair ! I'd never seen, a thing of earth so fair ;
With joyous brow, and dove-like eyes, and waves of shining hair,
No wonder, for her little heart, with trusting footsteps trod,
Beneath the Holy Virgin's smile, the path that led to God !

Child as she was, the stricken ones of earth had called her blest,
And by the bed-side of the poor, she was an angel guest,
And when unto her undimmed faith, the bread of life was given,
Unsullied tears gushed from her heart, that might have flowed in Heaven.
But years rolled on—the child of wealth must fill her station now !
The father's pride, the mother's hopes, lit by ambitious glow
Sent forth the trembling, sinless one, to brave the snares of earth,
When all her sweet affections clung around the household hearth !

The hair that once was flowing free, in many a shining curl,
They braided up with glistening gems, and beads of costly pearl,
They wrapped her in the richest robes, and decked with diamonds rare
The gentle hands, that she for years, had lifted up in prayer !
I saw her then—The world had claimed her young heart's solemn vow,
And bade her kneel before its shrine, and to its idols bow,
And lifted up on high with songs its fantasies of light,
And laid fair garlands at her feet, that made her pathway bright.

She trembled when those lute-like tones, came with their magic swell,
And wove around her spirits dream, a deep melodious spell !
The tempters breath is on her cheek,—it flushes on her brow—
Oh maiden taste not of the cup, that he would give thee now.
But ling'ring still she hears fond tales, of earth's enchanting lore,
Which tell her that no storms disturb, the sunlight of its shore,
She smiles, then wanders off to seek, amid life's desert maze
The fantasy, that charmed her heart with such alluring rays.

Alas ! her brow is crowned with light, but not the light of Heaven :
Oh one, by one, those ties of love, are by the cold world riven !
They melt like snow flakes on the waves, of some dark turbid stream,
And contrite tears are like the thoughts, of some remembered dream.
I pity thee, thou erring one, and fain would have the go
Back to the crystal fount, from whence the living waters flow,
Back to the cross—back to the shrine and sweet Madonna's smile ;
Thy guardian angel folds his wings, and lingers near thee, child !

I saw her die—like rose leaves tossed upon a wintry wave,
Death tore those painted hues away, and left her but a grave ;
I will not tell her agonies, as to its bourne she trod—
Her soul went up without a veil, to stand before its God.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CHARTREUSE AT ROME.

After having spent the holy week in following the pompous ceremonies of St. Peter's, and the Sixtine Chapel, we went to visit the Church of *Santa Maria degli angeli*, and to pass an entire day at the Convent of the Chartreuse. This church almost always deserted, though ever open to the public, is, in my opinion, one of the most beautiful in Rome. Built according to the plan of Michael Angelo, its vault is supported by eight columns of oriental granite found in the baths of Dioclesian. Its elegant form is that of a Greek cross; its magnificent pavement is of mosaic, and presents perhaps, in its different compartments, an arrangement more ingenious and more noble even than that of St. Peter's. Beautiful frescos adorn the walls; of these, two made upon me a peculiar impression: one was the Saint Sebastian of Dominichini, admirably preserved, and the best specimen of the coloring of that admirable painter. The Saint beholds the heavens opened; ecstasy seems to render him insensible to suffering; Jesus Christ appears, and exhorts him to constancy, extending his arm to receive his servant. The executioners present frightful forms, which seem to reflect the horrors of hell. The second fresco, by Battoni, represents Simon Magus confounded by St. Peter, and is remarkable for a beautiful effect of *chiaro oscuro*, and by the serenity of the head of the apostle compared with the trouble depicted on the imposter. At the entrance of the church a very beautiful statue of St. Bruno stands erect, like the celestial guardian of the convent, whose patron he is.

Whilst admiring these *chefs-d'œuvre*, we were struck with the melodious music of a bird—a prisoner in this vast temple. The brother Sacristan, who had received us very obligingly, remarked that it was the *solitary sparrow* to which Jesus Christ alludes in one of his most touching similes. For many years the pious monk had followed all the movements of his companion in seclusion. Sometimes the little bird drops from the cornices of the lofty vault as though struck down by a mortal blow, and writhes in convulsions which appeared those of agony. Then he revives by degrees, and attempts to walk on the marble pavement: and finally he spreads out anew his wings, and springs back to the high vaults from which he appeared to have been precipitated forever.

In the interior of the cloister, one breathes I know not what peace—strangely contrasted with the ceremonies in St. Peter's—which, indeed, are pure and grand, but which, by the crowd of spectators, hostile or indifferent, are mixed with a noise profane. A hundred columns of *travertino*, of the Tuscan order, and united by porticos, surround a vast garden, and give it a religious grandeur. In the midst of that garden there is a fountain around which Michael Angelo planted four cypresses. Three of these ancient contemporaries of the founders of the convent still wave over the cloister their ever-verdant boughs. The fourth is dead—as all things in this world must die—and is replaced by a young sprig. Thus does St. Bruno revive in his successors who continue his holy contem-

plations, and the inflexible austerities of his primitive rule.

The honors of the convent were done us by the actual prior, Dom Paul Gerard, with extreme grace and amenity. He showed us the library—and then to satisfy our antiquarian curiosity, made us walk under the immense vaults of the baths of Dioclesian. From the depth of the cloisters he showed us these gigantic Roman constructions, among which branches of trees are shooting from the interstices of disjointed bricks and stones. Finally, he conducted us to the narrow cell of one of the religious, whom we found occupied in cultivating flowers in his little garden—the violet, the *ronunculus*, the tulip—embellishing the parterre with their various colors, while the walls were covered with citron-trees laden with fruit. A cloudless sun lighted up this narrow solitude, and darted its brilliant rays into the modest oratory of the monk. A beautiful fountain refreshed the scene; and a shady grotto invited to its shade—where, in a mossy niche was placed a miniature statue of St. Bruno. I now could understand how manual occupations, enjoined by the rules of this order, could impart a delicious repose to the spirit, after the fatiguing extacies of contemplation. The good religious who occupied this cell was a Spaniard. He had been driven from his own convent, because, since liberty was introduced into his country, there is no longer liberty to serve God as he might choose! But, less unfortunate than many other exiles, he found at Rome a family where he recognized his brethren: or, it might more properly be said, he found once more his lost country, in a small cell like that which he had quitted, at the foot of the altar where the same canticles and the same prayers greeted his ears; and in the little garden where the fruits of the orange and the citron ripen, as under the sky of his own Iberia.

I offered my congratulations to the prior on his having changed the snowy tops of the Alps for the genial climate of Rome. But he answered with a sigh: “all here is very beautiful; our church glitters with marble and splendid paintings; our atmosphere is brilliant and serene—but still I regret the sombre cloisters of our great Chartreuse, the thick saplings that surround it, the rocks and glaciers that hang over it, and the very clouds that darken the horizon. There is here something softening, dissipating: there, everything inspires a severe and profound recollection. Here, we must create a solitude; there we find one already made by the hands of God. Moreover, it was there that I made my noviciate and profession, there I was born to a religious life. I love it, therefore, and I ought to love it, as a child loves his mother!”

It is impossible to express the simplicity, elevation, and sensibility contained in these words of the venerable man. I analyze coldly, I am aware, my interview with a saint and an apostle. To represent it in a worthy manner, it would be necessary for me to have a tongue of fire.

Before quitting Dom Paul, I questioned him concerning the number of his religious, and how his community was composed. He answered that there were seven *Fathers*, of whom three were Frenchmen, one Piedmontese, two Spaniards, and one Swiss of Lugano. Sometime before, he received two novices, a Roman and a German, but the Roman could not support the austerities of the rule. The German persevered.

To my great surprise, he informed me that the Italians, and above all, the Romans, were less disposed than the French to a cloistered and contemplative life. “Many candidates offer themselves,” he observed, “but when we fathom those lofty minds we discover in them nothing solid or persevering.”

It is thus that this excellent monk communicated to me the treasures of his sensibility and his wisdom. I had, a few days before, read a rather severe critique on the monastic orders in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. This critique emanated from the pen of a celebrated woman, who once had devoted herself to solitude in the deep deserts of a Chartreuse at Majorca; a woman of a deplorable genius who has justified proscription by sophisms, and who has taken a melancholy pleasure in spreading her haughty incredulity and impure ideas among the vaults of the cloister, even into those very cells in which before she prostrated herself with a chaste and humble fervor. A woman greatly to be pitied—who seems to understand every kind of devotion, except that which has God for its object: a woman who is lost to all religious sentiment, and who never sought to employ the exaltation of her heart, nor the poetry of her imagination, to feel or conceive one of the most consoling dogmas of Christianity—the communion of saints.

But, alas! these prejudices have found an echo even among believers. Let a learned man, a distinguished *savant* feel a vocation to immure himself in the vaults of the Chartreuse, and you hear persons who style themselves orthodox, becoming indignant or afflicted at it; as if it were a life less useful to the Christian world, than a life of study or research: as if Joshua would have conquered on the plain, if Moses had not prayed on the mountain.

Jesus Christ, whose moral code is admired without restriction by those even who deny his dogmas, declared that he preferred the contemplation of Mary to the busy life of Martha. *Mary*, he said, *hath chosen the better part*. And this is the motto of all contemplative orders, inscribed on their institute by the finger of God.

Is not human wisdom often deceived in attempting to supply the place of the wisdom of the Gospel? If, for example, the abbe De Lamenaïs had taken the habit of St. Bruno, twenty years ago, after the publication of the first volume of his *essai sur l'indifférence*, what regrets would not have been expressed. "What a loss for religion!" would it have been said. "What a suicide of genius! what services would not such a man have rendered had he but remained in the world!"

It is thus, weak as we are, that we suffer ourselves to judge of the ways of God. Do we not lose sight of the vicissitudes and dangers to which we are exposed? We forget the fall of the wisest of men in the ancient law, the heresy of Tertullian, and the errors of Pascal.

There must be asylums for hearts sick of the vanities of life, as there are for bodies in a suffering state. Let us, then, not interfere with the mysterious vocations, the sublime holocausts, of those who retire into the monastic solitudes. We should respect and admire them—although to our worldly minds they appear incomprehensible.

THE INDIAN HALL.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF FATHER ROWLAND.

The following work, by the author of "Father Rowland," was written in vindication of a dogma, which is not only questioned, but systematically attacked, by a denomination who style themselves Christians.—This too, is the most vital dogma of Christianity: for, if the founder of the new covenant was a mere man, the system which he established, is not as sublime as that of the old. The reality is not more substantial than the figure. The prophecies have not been fulfilled.—Christ is no greater than the Prophets, less than Moses.—This will be made manifest, it is thought, to any one who will peruse this little work with attention, and without prejudice.

CHAPTER I.

Quel mar tu sei, che in onde intatta e casta
Chiuder potèo l'immensità natia
Di un mar, per cui la terra e'l ciel non basta.
Mazarra.

At the close of a delightful evening in spring, when the golden lustre of the setting sun tinged the peak of the green-decked mountain, and the last sweet day-hour seemed to linger about its summits, Charles Clermont, the youngest son of Major Clermont, proposed to visit the "Indian Hall." The Clermont family had settled on the banks of St. Mary's River, and was one of that magnanimous colony who, for conscience sake, had emigrated from their native land to settle on those uncultivated shores. With

a principle which nothing could subdue, and a fortitude which stood the test of many a revolution, the descendants of that respectable family, cherished, with primeval attachment, the doctrines and customs of the Roman Catholic Church. Major Clermont had married a Catholic lady in Wales, by whom he was blessed with a numerous offspring; of whom three were female, and the rest male. The ladies had received an education suited to their standing and fortune, and could figure, with unaffected elegance and dignified simplicity, in the proudest circles of Europe. The boys, too, had been educated in England, under the care of a venerable ecclesiastic; and had grounded themselves not only in science, but likewise in the knowledge of their religion. Charles was highly gifted by nature, and his natural endowments were graced and perfected by a splendid education. The names of the ladies were Paulina, Emilie, and Constantia.

The "Indian Hall" was an ancient mansion situated on the Virginia shore, and belonged to the Preston family, staunch Unitarians, who, with the exception of the Clermonts, dili-

* This little work was published, some years ago, under the title of the "Indian Cottage:" but the author, having since become aware of the existence of a tale written before he was born, under the same title, deems it expedient to adopt that which appears above. The reader who has taken the trouble to peruse the first edition, will perceive many corrections, and much enlargement, in the present, prepared expressly, by the author, for the pages of the "Expositor."

gently avoided any correspondence with Roman Catholics. Col. Preston, however, was intimate with the Major; and their families were in the habit of mutually spending some weeks of the year at each other's houses. Their beautiful pleasure-boats, which glided like the inmates of the water over the surface of the dark-green bay, facilitated their visits and their correspondence. Mrs. Preston was of high English blood, and her daughters Caroline and Elizabeth, had been deeply imbued with English prejudices—particularly against popery.

There was every inducement, this evening, for his sisters to accept the proposal of Charles to pay a visit to the Indian Hall. The evening was bland and delicious, the waters of the bay were unruffled by a breath, and, save where the solitary fish leaped from the sparkling brine, as hushed and silent as the grave. The boat was immediately got in readiness; four stout oars-men were at their stations, the ladies took their seats, Charles seized the rudder, and they dashed forward towards the Virginia shores.

"You, perhaps, are not aware, dear sisters, why I was in so great a hurry to get off this evening," said Charles.

"Why, Charles, it is your manner," answered Paulina: "when you decide on a thing, you are not at rest till you accomplish what you have in view."

"Just like Papa," added Emilie—

"You know it is a common observation, Emilie, among our good neighbours, "that the Clermonts are slow to decide, but quick to execute," remarked Constantia.

"This is giving us a noble character," remarked Paulina.—

"A very desirable one, indeed," added Charles—but really you are construing my *manner*," he continu-

ed with an emphasis, "rather too favorably."

"How so, Charles?" asked Emilie.

"Why, sisters, *this* is what caused my hurry," taking a letter from his pocket, "it is a very curious thing, but will afford extraordinary joy to our family when made public."

"From whom is it, Charles? and what is the nature of it?" asked Constantia.

"It is from Elizabeth Preston—the subject will be best communicated by reading it to you."

"Dear Mr. Clermont,

"It will surprise you, not a little, I am sure, when you peruse the contents of this page. The subject of it is not according to my usual strain, a description of what has happened in our circle since we last had the pleasure of seeing you, but one of a momentous and invaluable nature—Religion.—" At the pronounciation of this word, Charles fixed his eyes upon his sisters. They, on their part, evinced an expression which no pen has ever yet succeeded in describing, no pencil, however skilful, has been able to portray. The mingled expressions of astonishment, joy, and gratitude to God,—all blending into one deep glance of the speaking eye.

"Religion!" exclaimed Paulina, "I could have imagined any thing else from Elizabeth—what does she mean, Charles?"

"She surely does not intimate that she wishes to know more about the Catholic Religion," observed Emilie.

"The Catholic Church!" cried Paulina, "the Prestons despise the very name of what they ignorantly term Popery."

—"I was educated," Charles resumed, "as you well know, in a school systematically opposed to your church. I was taught, from my cradle, to look upon it as a mass of absurdities and a heap of superstitions; my parents strengthened my

prejudices as my years increased ; all that I read was written either directly against it, or tended to impress on my mind erroneous opinions. But within the past year, I have been communicating by letter with Virginia Wolburn, who has become a strict and enlightened Christian, under the guidance of Father Rowland, and the arguments and books which she has put before me, are such as leave no trifling doubts on my mind. This is all a secret.—Neither Papa nor the family have the most distant idea of any such change, and on no account, would I wish it to be hinted to them. I should be delighted if you would visit the Hall as soon as possible, and be good enough to pray Paulina, Emilie, and Constantia, to accompany you. I intend to put to advantage the opportunity I shall have of conversing with you and them, on the fundamental points of religion.

“ With great respect, &c.
E. PRESTON.”

The perusal of this note, whilst it seemed to electrify with amazement the ladies, filled them with delight which they could not but give vent to in terms of deep emotion.

“ I trust, Charles, you have had the precaution to provide yourself with books for the occasion,” said Constantia. “ All her questions must be solidly answered.”

“ A very necessary precaution, indeed ; for your own divinity, I fear, might give out,” added Emilie with a smile.

“ I should be very loth to confide in my own resources with so well educated a lady as Elizabeth,” said Charles : “ I have brought with me an erudite treatise on religion, commencing from the first great truth, the existence of God, and comprising all the disputed points of religion.”

“ It will be unnecessary, surely Charles, to investigate the existence of a Supreme Being,” said Paulina.

“ To *investigate* it, would be useless, Paulina, or even as far as Elizabeth is concerned, to examine that doctrine which all nations and ages have admitted.”

“ The author of the work I alluded to,” returned Charles, “ here it is,” opening it to his sisters—“ examines the subject, not as a point of natural religion, but discusses the peculiar manner in which it has been revealed by the Almighty himself. But of this we shall see more to-morrow.”

The boat was meanwhile gently and gallantly cleaving the twilight waters—the heaven’s bright firmament, like a lovely arch of jasper, circled over their heads, and here and there a dim star appeared twinkling above, like some glorious spirit looking down in peace on the dusky vale of sorrow.

“ Oh !” exclaimed Paulina, pointing to the skies, “ there, Charles, there is the best and most eloquent treatise on the existence of God. There his Power is manifest—there his majesty is inscribed in everlasting light.”

“ Beyond those lovely heavens are the regions of pure spirits, where we shall one day meet in bliss,” said Paulina. “ Those dimly discovered stars are like beacons of hope lighting our wayward passage across the waters of time.”

“ True, true,” rejoined Charles, “ and they are beauteous emblems of Her—the ever Blessed Mary—who is styled by the Church *the star of the ocean.*”

“ Apropos, Constantia ; you have your guitar with you—music is sweet at any time—but doubly so on the calm bright waters,” added Emilie.

“ A hymn to *the star of the ocean*, would at once delight and edify us ;” said Charles, “ and Constantia will not deprive us of this two-fold advantage.”

“ With pleasure shall I hail the Virgin Mary—she is the patroness

of all christians—the refuge of all sinners.” She then adjusted her instrument, and raising her expressive eyes to the firmament, with a deep gush of feeling and devotion, broke forth into the following strain :

1.

Ave maris stella, hail !

Beaming from the sky ;
Light, by which in peace we sail
Towards eternity.

While our frail bark cleaves the waters,
Virgin, smile upon thy daughters.

2.

Dei mater alma—thou

Reignest with thy Son :
Every prayer and every vow
With him thou smil'st upon.

While our frail bark cleaves the waters,
Virgin, smile upon thy daughters.

3.

Atque Semper Virgo, e'er,
Ready to incline

To the Christian Virgin's prayer—
Hear this hymn of mine,

While our frail bark cleaves the waters,
Virgin, smile upon thy daughters.

4.

Felix cæli porta—oh !

To thee it hath been given
For us, when leaving earth below,
To ope the gates of Heav'n.

While our frail bark cleaves the waters,
Virgin, smile upon thy daughters.

“How sweet it is to invoke the patronage of the Blessed Virgin,” said Charles—“My dear Constantia, you feel it as you sing her hymn.”

“Oh! dearest brother,” she returned, “tender should be the devotion of every christian, to her who is so full of compassion for poor mortal, and so powerful to assist him in his wants.”

“Strange it has always appeared to me, how our dissenting friends should refuse to call upon her,” said Emilie; “especially since they read in the Scripture, that the first miracle which our Saviour wrought, was through her intercession.”

“Very just, indeed, is your remark, Emilie,” returned Paulina; “at the marriage of Cana, in Galilee, our divine Redeemer changed the water into wine, at the instance of his holy mother.* And though, as I have somewhere read, he evinced an apparent reluctance to comply with his mother's request, *as his time had not yet come*, still he could not refuse to hear her; he anticipated, as it were, *his time*, and performed a miracle, which, at once, proves the power of the mother, and the divinity of the Son.”

“For my own part,” said Charles, “let it appear credulity, or even superstition to my Protestant friends, I attribute, much of my prosperity in life, and the little piety I still possess, to my devotion towards the mother of God, which was instilled into my boyhood, in my college years, and which I can truly say, I have ever since warmly cherished.”

“Persevere in these good sentiments, my dear brother,” said Constantia, “they have already made you an exception to the generality of young men, and you will continue so to be.”

“I trust, my dear Constantia, that nothing shall ever alter them. They are too deeply laid up in my heart.”

The interesting conversation between Charles and his sisters, beguiled the length of their voyage, and shortened the time requisite to pass from Maryland to Virginia. The abrupt shores of the latter were now near: upon their craggy heights the shades of the night were collected, and they frowned in darkness upon the waters which rippled, with incessant murmur, against the strand. The oars-men ceased their tugging: and the boat, with a steady motion, cut its way into a nook; over which a beacon shone, to guide them where to land. Col. Preston's carriage was near the beach, awaiting their arri-

* John ch. 2.

CHAPTER II.

val. They entered, and the coachman, cracking his whip with great glee, drove away for the "Indian Hall."

Dio, ch'in abisso, e'n terra, e'n ciel ti trovi,
E'n te cielo, e'n te terra, e'n te abiss' hai;
Ineffabil virtù splendore eterno.

Paterno.

The mansion of Col. Preston, I remarked above, was called the "Indian Hall," from the circumstance of its being situated on the spot, where, tradition told, had once been established a settlement of Indians. Those aboriginal children of the forest, had long since been driven from these parts, into the interior of our continent. The rude and shapeless graves of their fathers, were still, however, occasionally discovered in the fields, or near some quiet stream of water; and the sturdy ploughman not unfrequently disclosed, as he turned up the earth, the blunted arrow and rusty tomahawk. The hands that once wielded these bloody weapons, have long mouldered beneath the clod, and the ghosts of the warriors seem to shriek in the night winds, that howl in winter around the spot in which they were interred.

On their arrival at the Cottage, the visitors were heartily welcomed by the Colonel, Mrs. Preston, and Caroline, and especially by Elizabeth, whose eye most eloquently indicated the fullness of her heart.

"Your passage across the bay was pleasant, I hope, Mr. Clermont," said Mrs. Preston.

"Perfectly so, dear madam," replied Charles.

"You came over comfortably, and quickly, no doubt," added the Colonel.

"A more lovely night I hardly ever beheld, replied Paulina," the

waters were calm, and scarcely a zephyr breathed upon their surface.

"How gratified we all are to see you and your sisters with us to-night, Paulina," exclaimed Elizabeth, taking her by both her hands.

"And her brother too, I hope, Elizabeth," added the Colonel, in good humour.

"Oh, papa, in addressing Paulina, you well know that I mean to include all."

"Upon my word, Elizabeth, you give me *no* chance," said Caroline in mirth; "well, Constantia, I will express my pleasure in seeing *you* on this shore, this beautiful night."

"Beautiful as is the night, a new charm was added to its delightfulness, by Constantia's guitar," said Emilie.

"Sweet plaintive music; oh! it melts the heart,

"Devotion wakes, and tears unbidden start."

Exclaimed Mrs. Preston.

An hospitable repast was spread out before the welcome guests, of which they partook with a healthful appetite; and a sprightly conversation was kept up until the hour for retiring to repose, when the Colonel withdrawing, wished them a good night's rest and golden dreams.

The morning arose as brilliantly as the evening had faded away. The sun, lifting his glorious orb to the horizon, walked forth as it were in the consciousness of his pride, surrounded with infinite hues, and joyfully darting his beams askance the dewy fields. The trees, whose limbs were just robed in their earliest green, nodded to the king of day, and seemed to rejoice in his light. Who has not viewed with rapture, the rising of the vernal sun: who has not hung upon the scene, when the country is all fragrance and beauty; when the grass, glistening with pearly dew, and the youthful clover clad with fresh verdure, spread a downy

carpet over the plains. Who has not longed to wander forth, at early hour, to hearken to the matin chirrupings of the blue-bird, and the twittering of the swallow, or the shrill warbling of the robin: and who, in contemplating the spectacle, does not feel his heart dilate with gratitude to God, for his bountiful gifts to man? O man! forget not Him from whom all things descend. Be not so familiarized with creation, as to lose sight of the Creator.

It was amid this loveliness of morning, that Elizabeth and her visitors rambled through the park adjoining the "Hall." Eager to unbosom herself to Charles on the subject which she had expressed in her letter,—“dear Mr. Clermont,” she said, “I would not wish that the communication which I made you on the subject of religion should be disclosed to my parents, not indeed that I should desire to keep any thing secret from them, but merely for the sake of prudence—until circumstances will render it known. You remember I mentioned that, for some months past, I have been keeping up a regular correspondence with Virginia Wolburn, whose conversion is as sincere as it was wonderful.

“I repeat now that I have been in constant and serious correspondence with her on the doctrines of religion: and from her last communication, which I will read to you, I have come to the determination to investigate the subject dispassionately.”

“Any person of your accomplishments and fine mind, Elizabeth, must soon find out the true religion, if you enquire after it sincerely,” observed Constantia; “and pity it is that more of our amiable and piously-inclined friends, do not give the subject more consideration.”

“A very great pity, I begin now to think it is,” said Elizabeth.

“The letter of Virginia Wolburn would afford us all delight,”

said Charles. “May we hear it read?”

“It has more than delighted *me*,” returned Elizabeth. “It is as follows:”

“My dearest Elizabeth,

“Depend upon it, as I stated in my last, that by a scrupulous investigation alone, you can come to the knowledge of religious truth. Education is not a sufficient basis on which to ground our eternal hopes. I speak frankly, Elizabeth, because I feel what I say. Experience is my guide. You know all the particulars relating to my change; I have more than once dwelt upon them in my confidential communications with you—oh! that my dearest friends could be induced to think as I do on every point of doctrine: they would then rest secure, on the authority of an infallible church, and could not apprehend the danger of being *tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine*. Begin, dear Elizabeth, the enquiry—I am aware of your difficulties, arising from your parents and relatives—it will be impossible for you at present, to converse with any of our clergymen,—but you may confer with Major Clermont’s family, on whom you may, in every respect, rely. I advise you to begin with the first grand truth, the existence of God, as revealed in the Bible; the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, the nature of Faith, the character of the Catholic Church, &c. &c. By this means, you will be conducted from link to link, down the great chain of truths which should bind us altogether, and centre us all under one head. May you persevere, and you will be crowned.

VIRGINIA WOLBURN.”

“Oh! how sincerely she writes, and with what earnestness and zeal!” exclaimed Constantia.

“She is full of zeal, indeed, and enlightened zeal,” added Paulina.

“Her advice to you, Elizabeth, is

truly excellent, and you cannot refuse to follow it," said Emilie.

"I am determined—determined to follow it," returned Elizabeth with great earnestness—"and the sooner we commence the subject the better."

"Charles has come well armed for the occasion," observed Constantia, with a smile.

"Here is my solution to all doubts, and my proof of all truths," said Charles, taking from his pocket a neatly-bound book. "Here is a treatise beginning with the first of all truths, the revealed existence of the Creator, and embracing all the other dogmas taught by the ancient Church, to which your ancestors and mine belonged before the reformation."

"Well, Mr. Clermont, what is said of the first truth, the existence of God?" asked Elizabeth.

Charles read as follows: "Two truths were revealed to the Jews, concerning God: first, that he is ONE, secondly, that he will *reward the good and punish the wicked.*"

"Are the particular texts, in which these are revealed, cited by the author?" asked Elizabeth.

"They are," replied Charles.—"Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is ONE."* "This is quite plain."

"Perfectly so," said Elizabeth: "Be pleased to quote the others, Mr. Clermont."

"And thou shalt know," continued Charles, "that the Lord, thy God, he is the strong God, and faithful, and keeping his covenant, and *mercy for those loving him.....* and repaying them that hate him, *to destroy them.....*†

"This doctrine of future accountability the Catholic Church keeps constantly before the mind of her children, so that what we have to expect hereafter, depends entirely upon our conduct here. If we love God, we

shall be remunerated by his mercy; if we hate him, we shall be destroyed, or punished forever. Here are future rewards and punishments."

"This point satisfies me completely," said Elizabeth. "So far, I have no doubt whatever. But was there no other truth concerning God, revealed to the Jews?" she inquired.

"Many others," replied Charles: "but, as my author says, they may be reduced to the two we have just considered."

"I should wish, however, to have them specified," rejoined Elizabeth.

"The Psalmist teaches, that God is infinite," resumed Charles, "when he cries out: 'great is the Lord, and exceedingly to be praised: and of his greatness *there is no end.*'* He teaches again, that God is *omnipresent*: 'whither shall I go,' he exclaims, 'from thy spirit, and whither shall I fly, from thy face.'"

"Do we not see his spirit in every part of creation," said Constantia.

"Yes," replied Elizabeth, "every thing in the firmament, on earth, in the waters, speaks that the Deity is all-present. We see him every where."

"Racine has beautifully expressed this," said Emilie, "in his poem on God—the translation, though unequal to the original, is not without some beauty."

"Do you remember the lines, Emilie?" asked Elizabeth.

"They are these:"

"Yes, 'tis an hidden God whom we adore:

But still, to witness his unbounded power,

What shining proofs are ranged before my eyes!

Answer, O heaven! speak ye, earth and skies.

What hand, yon azure canopy hath spread,

And kindled up the stars that glitter o'er my head!"

* Deuteron. chap. vi. v. 4.

† Deuteron. vii. 9.

* Ps. 144, 2.

"Very poetical, and full of truth and feeling," exclaimed Elizabeth.

"God is likewise *immutable*," continued Charles, "as we read in the Book of Numbers: 'God is not like man who deceiveth, nor the son of man *who changeth*.'* 'He is *Eternal*:' 'Before the mountains were made,' sings the Royal Prophet, 'or the earth was formed,—thou art, O Lord—'"+

"This attribute is likewise beautifully expressed by Racine, in two lines," observed Emilie.

"Older than time, he formed the world and man;
Omnipotent, his being ne'er began."

"His *omnipotence*," said Charles "is revealed in Genesis, where the Lord himself speaks: 'I am the OMNIPOTENT God.'"+

"There could not be a more delightful season in which to contemplate the works of Omnipotence, than the present," observed Elizabeth. "The world reviving from its torpid state—the grass and the leaves shooting forth: the birds singing around us: the waters stretching before our view. What beauty, what order, what simplicity!"

"It appears impossible, that a reasonable being, contemplating these things, could call in question the existence of God," said Constantia.

"No reasonable mind ever did question it," returned Charles. "You remember that the Scripture expressly remarks, 'the *fool* saith in his heart, there is no God.' Nor can any truly reasonable being consistently believe in God, and disregard his menaces, and his judgments! And yet is it deplorable to perceive that millions of rational creatures live on as though there were no God!"

"And so few take the trouble to

know what God has revealed, what religious worship he requires, or what church he has established," added Paulina.

"Since God is ONE, he could not reveal two different kinds of religion each contradicting the other. And, since he is IMMUTABLE, he could not establish a religion, the essence of which is subject to change," remarked Constantia.

"The Catholic Religion," said Charles, "is the only one which is not liable to change, and consequently, the only one worthy of HIM who is immutable. From your own observations you will perceive that all other denominations are as changeable as the caprices of the human mind. They are human institutions, indeed, and have all the weaknesses of humanity about them. Our holy religion was established by Christ himself: preached by his Apostles: professed by the Confessors: taught by the Doctors, and cemented by the blood of countless martyrs: and, consequently, it is the only true one; the only unchangeable and lasting one—which has survived all past revolutions, and will continue to the end of things,—which is stamped with the characters of the Divinity, and which is worthy of its eternal founder. That Church was established by Jesus Christ; and if He is Divine, it is manifest that his Church must be a divine institution. And since all other religions stand in opposition to some of her vital doctrines," he added, "all other religions are necessarily the works of human agency."

"The Divinity of Christ is a topic which I wish fundamentally to investigate with you, Mr. Clermont," said Elizabeth.

"My author can satisfy all doubts on that most vital of all subjects," returned Charles. "And if ever there was a period when such an investigation demanded the attention of the Christian, it is now, when rationalism and transcendentalism seem to

* Numbers, chap. 23, v. 19.

† Psalms, chap. 89, v. 2.

† Genesis, chap. xvii. v. i.

dispute the ascendant which supernatural truth has so long claimed over the minds of men."

"My doubts have long since been dissipated, but I desire to ground myself more solidly on that dogma."

"Perhaps, before entering on the immediate topic, it would be more in order to show on what authorities the doctrine of the Trinity is established," returned Charles. "For having considered the existence of God in

itself, the next question that naturally occurs is, *how* does he exist? Is there a unity or trinity of divine persons? This is the fundamental point, from which all the subsequent peculiarities of revelation must take their character: and which will determine the long-agitated question, which is in our own day, renewed with such fearful excitement—viz. the DIVINITY OF CHRIST."

LA MADONNA.

Behold thy Mother.—St. John, chap. xix. v. 27.

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

BEHOLD THY MOTHER! To the heart
How much these simple words convey.
"Lo! sorrowing child of earth, thou art
Not all forsaken," do they say.

"The *blest among women*—she
Whom God has raised so far above
The hierarchy of Heaven—for thee
Hath all a tender mother's love!"

Mother! It is a name to thrill
With holiest joy the troubled breast,
And with a gush of rapture fill
The bosom long with cares oppress'd.

For in the rich and varied store
Of language, can that name alone,
In all their freshness, bring once more
The feelings to our childhood known;

Or shed on darksome age and pain
The light that o'er our youth was cast;
Or reunite the golden chain
That draws us ever to the past.

And she upon whose virgin breast
In cradled sleep that head hath lain
On which the cruel thorns were pressed
To form a diadem of pain—

Who, when she wept the cross beneath
Whereon the world's Redeemer hung,
Mourned not alone her Saviour's death—
But for her child her heart was wrung !

She is our Mother ! and through her
We brethren are of CHRIST ; and He
Whene'er a suit she may prefer
Will listen with benignity.

Then let us, when calamities
Assail, to her draw near ; and thus
With trustful hearts on bended knees,
Cry, " Virgin Mother ! pray for us ! "

NOTICE OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION IN THE UNITED STATES.

The following interesting particulars, relating to the establishment of the Catholic Religion in the United States, are selected from an old French MS. preserved in the library of the Archbishop of Baltimore. From certain passages, we are inclined to believe, that it was originally written in English by Archbishop Carroll, and translated into the language in which we find it. To all who feel an interest in such details, this notice will be pleasing and valuable.

Towards the end of the reign of James I. king of England, who died in 1625, the Catholics, oppressed by the penal laws of that kingdom, sought afar an asylum from the persecutions which they suffered at home. Lord Baltimore, a Catholic, obtained from the king a grant of all those lands which now form the State of Maryland. This grant was confirmed to him by a charter issued in form immediately after the accession of Charles I. to the throne of his father. By this same charter, the king granted to all who should emigrate to the new Province, the liberty of exercis-

ing their religion, and the rights of citizens. A great number of Catholics, and especially the descendants of ancient families, quitted England, and settled in America, towards the year of 1630, under the conduct of Lord Baltimore. With them came Father Peter White, an English Jesuit. This band of emigrants chose for their residence a district of country near the junction of the Potomac and St. Mary's river : the latter afterwards gave its name to the first town that was built there, and which continued to be the capital of the country, during seventy or eighty years.

Father White, finding himself unequal to the duties which pressed upon him, returned to Europe, in order to procure missionaries : and, from the very imperfect memoirs before us, it appears, that he brought over with him Fathers Copley, Harkey and Perret. Their principal residence was a place which they called *St. Inigo*, a Spanish word which signifies Ignatius. They acquired there a considerable tract of land, a part of which is still in the possession of the Jesuits.

All historians, Protestant as well as Catholic, speak, in favorable terms, of the first Catholic emigrants, who faithfully observed the laws of justice, and, by their humane deportment, gained the confidence of the Indians. Not an inch of land did they take by violence from the aboriginal inhabitants: but they purchased a large district, and honorably confined themselves within the limits traced out in the charter, insomuch that neither fraud nor bloodshed disgraced the birth of this rising colony.

In proportion as it increased, (and its progress was rapid,) the heads of the establishment advanced into the country, accompanied by some clergymen; who, for their subsistence, and that of their successors, made several acquisitions of lands.

Towards the year 1640, a design was formed to carry the Gospel to the Indians of the neighboring parts. In the MS. which was lent us, we find, that the Provincial of the Jesuits wrote, this year, to the young men at Liege, exhorting them to consecrate their services to this difficult and perilous enterprise. In consequence of this invitation, more than twenty requested, in urgent language, to be associated in the new missions: but, from what we can learn from contemporary monuments, it does not appear that they ever crossed the ocean: prevented, in all probability, by the influence of the Protestants who inhabited the district of Virginia; and who saw with a jealous eye, the incomparably better understanding that existed between the Catholics and the Indians, than between themselves and the tribes around them. Add to this the troubles which arose, the same year, (1640,) in England, and ended in the deposition and decapitation of Charles I. in 1649. The incredible hatred which the dominant party of that kingdom entertained against the Catholics, and the umbrage which was taken by the factious, at any enter-

prise that could further the promotion of the Catholic religion, rendered it necessary for the emigrants to break off all communication with the Indians.

As long as Cromwell was in power, the Catholics of Maryland were cruelly harassed: Lord Baltimore was removed from the government, the Catholics were excluded from all offices of trust which they had held before, and the clergy were reduced to the necessity of exercising their functions in secret, and with great circumspection.

From this epoch, I cannot discover any steps taken to diffuse the knowledge of the Gospel among the Indians. Before the death of Cromwell, it is probable they removed into the interior to a very great distance, and in Maryland, there were hardly clergymen enough to discharge the duties towards the Catholics. The power and influence of the Protestants, supported by the English government, and favored by the colonies that surrounded them, had greatly increased: and the jealousy, formerly occasioned on the part of the Catholics by their correspondence with the Indians, was still alive.

After the restoration of Charles the Second, Maryland again flourished under the genial government of Lord Baltimore, and his representatives. Pious establishments were formed, and the clergymen were scattered through the different sections of the province. They subsisted not on the contributions of the faithful, but on the products of the lands which they had obtained.

But after the revolution which followed in England, the Catholics were again deprived of public offices, and of the exercise of their religion, contrary to the privileges granted in their charter. In consequence of this intolerance, Lord Baltimore would again have been stript of his authority, had he not unfortunately yielded

to the times, and conformed to the Protestant religion. From this era, a tax was levied on all the colonists without distinction, for the support of the ministers of the Anglican Church. Many attempts were made to enforce the penal laws; and if they were not generally carried into execution, but only in certain places, and that, too, by intervals, it was, according to all appearances, less through a spirit of toleration, than through policy. The most distinguished families, impatient of the restrictions, and induced, perhaps, by the example of Lord Baltimore, forsook the Catholic Church. By this means, the Protestant party became strengthened: the seat of government was transferred from St. Mary's to Annapolis, where the Protestants were most numerous: and the Catholics, oppressed and persecuted, were reduced to poverty and contempt.

Notwithstanding these misfortunes, several congregations existed in the province, with resident priests; and others, which were occasionally visited by the missionaries. But they were so removed and dispersed, that a great number of families could not assist at mass, and receive instructions, but once in the month: and though pains were taken by the pious heads of families to instruct their children, it must have been done but imperfectly. Among the poor, many could not read, and those who could, were without books, to procure which it was necessary to send to England: and the laws against printers and sellers of Catholic books were extremely rigorous. It is surprising that, notwithstanding all these difficulties, there were still so many Catholics in Maryland who were regular in their habits, and at peace with all their neighbors. The propriety of their conduct was a subject of edification to all, and continued to be so, until the new emigrants from foreign parts introduced a licentiousness of manners, which

exposed the Catholic religion to the reproach of its enemies.

Near the residences of the clergy, and on the lands belonging to them, small chapels were built, but few elsewhere: so that it was necessary to say mass in private houses. The people contributed nothing towards the expenses of the clergy, who, poor as they were, had to provide for their own support, for the decoration, &c. of the altars, and for their travels from place to place. They demanded nothing, as long as the produce of their lands could suffice for their maintenance.

Towards the year 1730, Father Grayton, a Jesuit, (all the clergymen, it should be remarked, who labored in the colonies, were Jesuits,) went from Maryland to Philadelphia, and laid the foundation of the Catholic religion in that city. He resided there until the year 1750. Long before his death, he built the chapel near the presbytery (St. Joseph's) and formed a numerous congregation, which has continued to increase to the present day. "I remember," said Archbishop Carroll, whose language we here use, "to have seen, in 1748, that venerable man, at the head of his flock."

He was succeeded by Father Harding, whose memory is still in benediction in that city: and under whose auspices, and the untiring energies of whose zeal, the beautiful Church of St. Mary's was erected.

In the year 1741, two German Jesuits were sent to Pennsylvania, for the purpose of instructing the German emigrants who had settled in that province. These were Father Schneider, a Bavarian, and Father Wapeler, a Hollander, men full of zeal and prudence. The former was particularly gifted with a talent for business, and possessed, says the MS. before us, "consummate prudence and intrepid courage." The latter, after having labored eight years in America, during which he converted many,

was, in consequence of his bad health, constrained to return to Europe. He was the founder of the establishment now called *Conewago*. Father Schneider formed several congregations in Pennsylvania, built the Church of *Cosenhopen*, and propagated the Catholic religion around that country. Every month, he visited the Germans who lived in Philadelphia, until the time when he judged it expedient to establish a resident German priest in that city. The gentleman chosen to fill that post, was the Reverend Father Farmer, a distinguished and highly respectable personage, who, some years before, had arrived in America, and had been stationed at Lancaster, where his life was truly apostolical. It was about the year 1760, that he took possession of his new appointment. "No one can be ignorant," remarks our MS. "of the labors which were undergone by this servant of God." His memory is in veneration among all who knew him, or have heard of his merit. He continued to be a model for all succeeding pastors, until his death, which occurred in 1786.

In 1776, the American Independence was declared, and a revolution effected, not only in political affairs, but in those also relating to religion. For, while the thirteen provinces of North America rejected the yoke of England, they proclaimed, at the same time, freedom of conscience, and the right of worshiping the Almighty, according to the spirit of the religion to which each should belong. Before this great event, the Catholic faith had penetrated into two provinces only, viz. Maryland and Pennsylvania. In all others the laws against the Catholics were in force. Any priest coming from foreign parts was subject to the penalty of death; all who professed the Catholic faith were not merely excluded from the offices of government, but could hardly be tolerated in a private capacity. While this

state of things continued, it is not surprising that but very few of them settled in those provinces: and they, for the most part, forsook their religion. Even in Maryland and Pennsylvania, as was before mentioned, the Catholics were oppressed: the missionaries were insufficient for the wants of those two provinces, and it was next to impossible to disseminate the faith beyond their boundaries.

By the declaration of Independence, every difficulty was removed: the Catholics were placed on a level with their fellow christians, and every political disqualification was done away.

Several reasons were assigned in the MS. for the immediate adoption of the article extending to all the members of the States an unqualified freedom of conscience.

I. The leading characters of the first Assembly, or Congress, were, through principle, opposed to every thing like vexation on the score of Religion: and, as they were perfectly acquainted with the maxims of the Catholics, they saw the injustice of persecuting them for adhering to their doctrines.

II. The Catholics evinced a desire, not less ardent than that of the Protestants, to render the provinces independent of the mother country: and, it was manifest, that, if they joined the common cause, and exposed themselves to the common danger, they should be entitled to a participation in the common blessings which crown their efforts.

III. France was negotiating an alliance with the United Provinces: and nothing could have retarded the progress of that alliance more effectually, than the demonstration of any ill-will against the religion which France professed.

IV. The aid, or at least the neutrality of Canada was judged necessary for the success of the enterprise of the Provinces: and by pla-

cing the Catholics on a level with all other christians, the Canadians, it was believed, could not be but favorably disposed towards the revolution.

It was not till after the war, that the good effects of freedom of conscience began to develop themselves. The priests were few in number, and, almost all superannuated. There was but little communication between the Catholics of America, and their Bishop, the Vicar apostolic of the district of London, on whose spiritual jurisdiction they were dependent. But, whether he did not wish to have any relation to a people whom he regarded in the light of rebels; or whether it was owing, says our old MS., to the natural apathy of his disposition, it is certain, that he had hardly any communication either with the priests, or the laity, on this side the Atlantic. Anteriorly to the declaration of Independence, he had appointed the Rev. Mr. Lewis, his vicar; and it was this gentleman who governed the mission of America, during the time that the Bishop remained inactive.

Shortly after the war, the Clergy of Maryland and of Pennsylvania, convinced of the necessity of having a superior on the spot, and knowing, too, that the U. States were opposed to any jurisdiction in England, applied to the Holy See, to grant them the privilege of

choosing a superior from their own body. The request was acceded to: and their unanimous suffrages centered in the Rev. John Carroll, whose election was approved by the Holy See, and on whom ample power, even that of administering Confirmation, was immediately conferred.

The number of Catholics, at this period, in Maryland, amounted to about sixteen thousand: the greater part of whom were dispersed through the country, and employed in agriculture. In Pennsylvania, there were about seven thousand, and in the other States, as far as it was possible to ascertain, there were about fifteen hundred. In this number, however, were not comprised the Canadians, or French, or their descendants, who inhabited the country to the west of Ohio, and the banks of the Mississippi.

In Maryland the priests were nineteen in number: in Pennsylvania but five. Of these, five were worn out with infirmities and age, and the rest were advanced in years. None, except those in Baltimore and Philadelphia, subsisted on the contributions of their flocks.

The MS. here ends: other documents, however, may be had, which will afford a continuation of this interesting subject.

JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN TRADITION.

That the Jews had a traditionary as well as written code, and that they were directed as much by one as the other, appears from Exodus xiii. 8, Deut. xxxii. 7, Judges vi. 13, Ps. xliii., &c. &c. The inquiring reader will do well to recur to the texts.

From which testimonies two things may be gathered. First,—that tradition was enjoined on the Jews by the

Almighty himself. Secondly,—that many things which they were commanded to teach or learn by tradition, were openly taught in the Scriptures: and yet they were not referred to the Scripture, but to tradition. The reason of this was because the Scripture, at that time, was not reduced to the form of an entire volume, but scattered about in various pages and par-

cels, in order that they might be conveniently read by the people. The first person who reduced them into the form of a volume was Esdras, after the Babylonish captivity. The book of Deuteronomy, which was one of the principal books of the Old Testament, was not then in the hands of the Jews: but one copy was kept by the king; and another by the priests in the ark of the Lord, and by them read, every fifth year, to the people. (Deut. xxxi. 10.) And those priests were so negligent in preserving it, that, for a time, it was lost, and found again by the High Priest Helcias, in the days of King Josias. (4 Kings xxii. 8.) Whence it is manifest that tradition was the guide of the Jewish people, as well as the law.

The analogy between the Jews and the Christians, in this particular, is striking. We possess many things necessary to salvation, only through tradition. Of these, the Apostle speaks in his second Epistle to the Thessalonians ii. 14. *Wherefore, brethren, stand firm, hold to the traditions which you have learned, whether by word of mouth, or by our epistle.* These traditions are principally, that the whole of the Scripture, both Old and New, is truly divine and inspired by God. That the creed, called the "Apostle's Creed," is truly canonical and apostolical. That infants should be baptised. That infants baptized by heretics should not be re-baptized. That in baptism this form should be pronounced: *I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.* That Sunday, instead of Saturday, should be kept holy by the Christian world, &c. &c. When, therefore the Catholic Church appeals to tradition, she appeals to an unerring authority—and to this she will adhere with entire confidence, and good reason, as to the standard of her doctrine and discipline,—on matters which are not designated in the pages of the written

word. Scripture and tradition go together. They support each other. They are the double foundation on which the Church is erected. Destroy one, and the other is ruined on the spot. For both are the work of the same Divine Architect, whose wisdom and power have been exerted in the construction of an Edifice, which is destined to survive the wreck of worlds.

Let those, then, who impugn the dogma of tradition, contemplate the grounds on which we establish it. Let them see how the ancient people of God regarded it, and were guided by it; and, at the same time, let them remember, that the whole Christian world, of every denomination, had admitted points of discipline and doctrine which are not to be met with in the sacred Scriptures. And then, they must admire the consistency of the Catholic Church.

Suppression of Monasteries.—The suppression of monasteries by Henry VII. being entrusted to ignorant or interested individuals was attended by the destruction of many valuable libraries. Bayle, Bishop of Ossory, in his preface to Leland's New Year's gift to Henry VIII., laments the havoc that was thus made in literature; he says—"a great number of those who purchased the monasteries reserved the books, some to scour the candlesticks and some to rub the boots.—Some they sold to the grocers, and some they sent over the sea to the bookbinders, not in small numbers, but at times whole ships full, to the wondering of foreign nations. Yea, the universities of this realm are not at all clear in this detestable fact. I know a merchantman, that bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings; a shame to be spoken of. This stuff has he used instead of grey paper for the space of more than these ten years, and has yet store enough for as many years more to come."

SACRED LYRICS, NO. 1.

HYMN FOR THE APOSTLES.

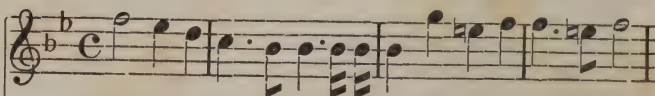
WORDS FROM THE ROMAN BREVIARY,

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EXPOSITOR, BY

CHARLES M. KING.

TREBLE.



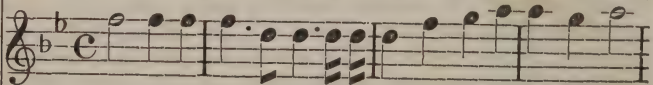
Christ's ev-er-last-ing gifts, The Apostles' glory and their palms,

ALTO.



Christ's ev-er-last-ing gifts, The Apostles' glory and their palms,

TENOR.



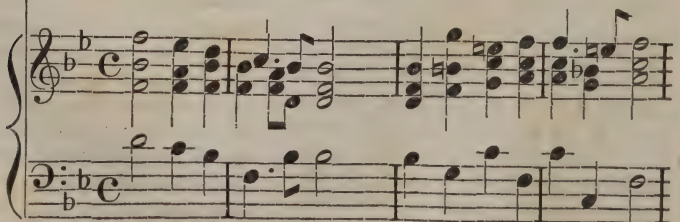
Christ's ev-er-last-ing gifts, The Apostles' glory and their palms,

BASS.



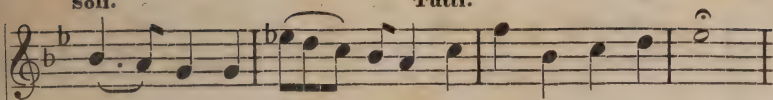
Christ's ev-er-last-ing gifts, The Apostles' glory and their palms,

ORGAN.



Soli.

Tutti.



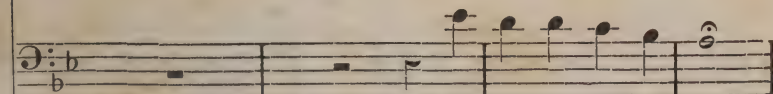
Let us with joy - ful minds, Proclaim in grate-ful Psalms!



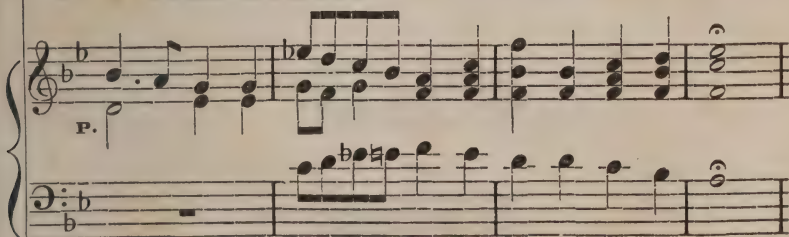
Let us with joy - ful minds, Proclaim in grate-ful Psalms!



Let us Pro-claim in grate-ful Psalms!



Proclaim in grate-ful Psalms!



Let us with joy-ful mind, Proclaim in grateful Psalms!

Let us with joy-ful mind, Proclaim in grateful Psalms!

Let us with joyful minds, Proclaim in grateful Psalms!

us with joyful minds, Proclaim in grateful Psalms!

The musical score consists of four vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The vocal parts are marked with 'SYM.' at the end of each line. The piano accompaniment is shown in grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs).

II.

Blest Princes of the Church,
 Triumphant Leaders in the fight,
 Soldiers of the heavenly court,
 The world's undying light.

III.

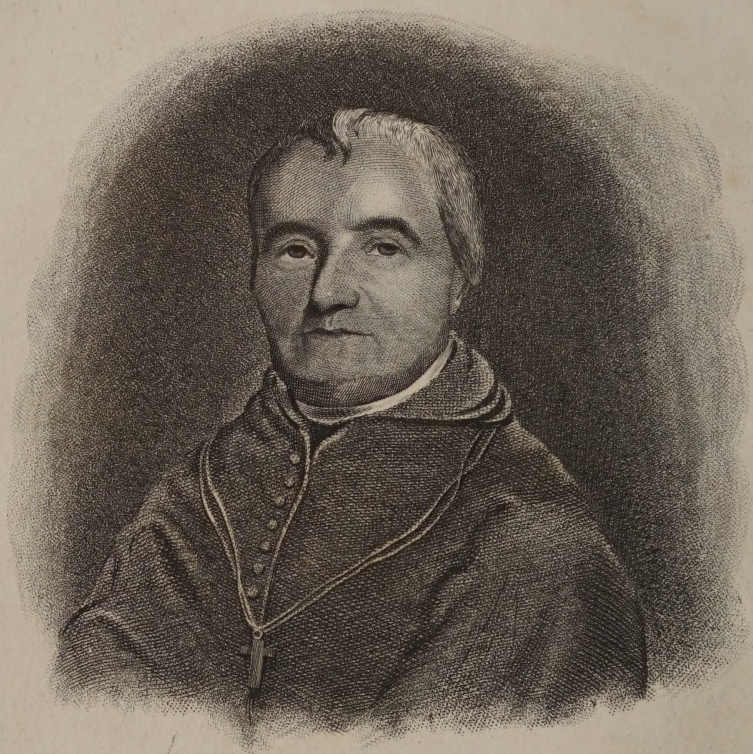
Their Christian faith devout,
 Their firm, unshaken trust in God,
 Their perfect love of Christ,
 The world beneath them trod.

IV.

The Father's glory shines,
 In them, the Son, too, triumphs high,
 In them the Spirit's will
 Is done—Joy fills the sky.

V.

To Father and to Son,
 And holy Spirit, unto thee,
 Be glory—as it was—
 For all eternity.



Right Rev. JOHN DUBOIS D.D. 3^d BISHOP of NYork.

Engraved for Catholic Examiner by Jas Harris 53 Nassau St NYork.

Drawn by J. H. Morris.

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